ELIZA'S BABES;

OR THE Virgins-Offering.

BEING

Divine { Poems, and Meditations.

Written by a LADY, who onely desires to advance the glory of GOD, and not her own.

LONDON,
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1652.

TO MY SISTERS.

Looke on these Babes as none of mine,
For they were but brought forth by me;
But look on them, as they are Divine,
Proceeding from Divinity.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

To the READER.

WHen first the motion came into my minde, that these Babes of mine, should be sent into the world; I would faine have suppresst that motion, for divers reasons which may be imagined, by them, that shall read them: But especially by those, that knew my disposition. But rising one day, from my Devotions, it was suggested to my consideration, that those desires were not given me, to be kept in private, to my self, but for the good of others.

And if any unlike a Christian shall say; I wrote them, for mine owne glory. I like a Christian, will tell them; I therefore sent them abroad; for such a strict union is there betwixt my deare God and mee, that his glory is mine, and mine is his; and I will tell them too, I am not asham'd of their birth; for before I knew it, the Prince of eternall glory had affianced mee to himselfe; and that is my glory.

And now to all such shall I direct my speech, whose brave spirits may carry them to high desires. Place not your affections in your Youth, beneath your selves; but if you would be happy on earth, and enjoy these outward blessings, with free and lawfull contentment; bestow your first affections on my Almighty Prince. I would have you all love him, and him to love you all. I being his, must doe, as he will have mee: and methinks, he directs me to tell you, that you shall never be happy on Earth, nor glorious in Heaven, if you doe not love him, above all earthly things. More, I must tell you, that if you will dedicate to his service, and present into his hands, your wealth, witt, spirit, youth, beauty, he will give you wealth, if lesse, more usefull: your witt more pure, your spirit more high, and transcendent, and your youth and beauty, which time will steale from you, or some malignant disease, with paine, rend from you; them he will lay up awhile for you, and returne them againe for eternity, with great advantage. And that you need not doubt of the certainety of what is told you, they that tell it you have found part of it true, and shall the rest. I cannot be content, to be happy alone, I wish you all blessed too; nor can I smother up those great and infinite blessings, that I have received from him, with private thankes. That Great Prince of Heaven and Earth, proclaimed by Angels, that he was come into the world, to shew

his

his good will and love to mee; was here content, to lye a publique death for me, to ſave me, from a Hell of miſery; in which I lay, and ſhould have layen, had not he, the Prince of Peace, and the faireſt and chiefeſt among the ſons of men, ſhed his moſt precious and royal blood, for mee; and before he dyed he left word, that I ſhould not feare, for it was his great and glorious Fathers will, to beſtow on us a Kingdome. And was ſo great a Prince, not aſhamed to avow ſo great affection and love to mee, and ſhall I be aſhamed to returne him publique thankes, for ſuch infinite and publique favours? No: I will not, but with all my minde, heart, and ſoule, I bleſſe and praiſe my Almighty God, for ſo great benefits, beſtowed on me, his unworthy ſervant. Methinks it is not enough for my ſelf onely to doe it, but I muſt ſend out my Babes, to doe it, with mee, and for me: And if any ſhall ſay, others may be as thankefull as ſhee, though they talk not ſo much of it; Let them know that if they did rightly apprehend the infinite mercies of God to them, they could not be ſilent: And if they doe not thinke the mercies of God worth publique thankes; I doe, and therefore I will not be aſhamed, to be that one in ten that returned, to acknowledge himſelfe a cleanſed Leaper. And now my Babes ſome may ſay to you, unleſſe you had been more curiouſly dreſt, or more finely ſhap'd, your Mother might have kept you in obſcurity. Tell them, I ſent you to their more learned and refined

wits, to forme you to a more curious ſhape, and tyre you in a more inticing dreſs. But this I will ſay for you, You want none of your limbs, and your cloaths are of rich materials. I dare not ſay, I am loth to let you goe: Go you muſt, to praiſe him, that gave you me. And more Ile ſay for you, which few Mothers can, you were obtained by vertue, borne with eaſe and pleaſure, and will live to my content and felicity. And ſo Adieu: But ſtay! Something you may truly ſay for your own imperfections, and your Mothers excuſe, That ſome of you were borne, when herſelf was but a child; but

My joy, my bliſſe, my happy Story
In Heaven is writ, and that's my Glory.

Pſalme 56. *Verſ.* 10.

Glory in the word of God,
To praiſe it I accord.
With joy I will declare abroad,
The goodneſs of the Lord.

All you that goodneſs doe disdaine,
Goe; read not here:
And if you doe; I tell yon plaine,
I doe not care.
For why? above your reach my ſoule is plac'ſt,
And your odd words ſhall not my minde diſtaſte.

And when you read theſe lines, miſtake not a Divine affection, for a Poeticall fancy; for I affect not to expreſs my fancy, but I would have my fancy expreſs my affection.

The Invocation.

Come Sacred Muſe to mee this day,
And ever here, make you a ſtay
Within the cloſet of my breſt;
For I with thee, doe finde great reſt.
My ſweet Companion, here thou art,
Dear Lord, Let it not from me part.
From thee, this gift, I did receive,
To thee, the ſame I doe bequeath.

Aſpire, aſpire, my minde, aſpire,
From earthly things unto the higher.
Set not thy minde on baſe deſires,
But thinke upon the heavenly Quires,
Of Angels ſweet, that ſinging be,
And ſtill the face of God doe ſee.
Admiring much, his wiſedome great,
And glorious ſweetneſſe of his ſeat.
Then hie my Soule to that ſweet place,
Where glory is, with mirth and grace.

The Requeſt.

Come ſweet Spirit expell my feare,
Aſſure me that thou haſt a care
Of me, and of my giddy youth,
Aſſure me of it, ſtill for Truth,
That thy Spirit ſhall me direct,
And that thy power ſhall me protect.
Then ſhall my ſpirit be at reſt,
And with ſweet thoughts my ſoule be bleſt;
When that I know, thou loveſt me,
And that my youth ſhall guided be,
By that Spirit, that doth diſpoſe,
All for the happineſſe of thoſe,
The which be ſervants unto thee;
Bleſt be thy Name, that ſo made mee.

The Anſwer.

HIs Spirit much thou doſt deſire,
His Spirit much he will inſpire.
What thou deſireſt, that ſhall be,
Thou haſt thy wiſhes granted thee.
With thee, needs muſt I wiſh to live,
That mak'ſt me wiſh what thou wilt give.
Lord harden thou my heart, as hard as ſteel,
And loves vaine paſſion, let me never feel,

Onely

Onely in Heaven, my ſoul ſhall ſeek her reſt,
In Heaven perpetually to be bleſt.
On Earth a while I muſt tormented be,
Becauſe that ſin, too much abides in me.
It is the injoying of thy Spirit,
That makes my ſoule here, true joy inherit.
And here to ſhew me that thou hat'ſt my ſin
Thy Spirit like the Sun-beams, is drawn in.
Then doth my Soul, full wo, and ſad remaine
Till that ſweet ſpirit doth appeare againe.
Then when thy Spirit, againe reigns in me
Then comes my joy, away my paine doth flee.
For when thy Spirit my Soul doth injoy,
Nothing can then, my happy Soul annoy.
For why? No cauſe of ſorrow, I can ſee,
Becauſe, beyond my ſelfe, it raiſeth me.

Anguiſh.

FRom this diſtraction, Lord my poor ſoul bring,
That ſtill thy heavenly prayſes, I may ſing.
For this diſtemper doth my ſoul affright;
My Lord, it takes from me, all my delight,
And pleaſure that I had, in ſerving thee.
This trouble great, vaine folly brings to me.
If from thy holy ſervice, I be tane,
No comfort can I find, but endleſſe paine.
For what can yeeld our Souls here true content,
If to ſerve thee, we are not wholly bent?
For here I ſee vaine pleaſures, quickly fly,
And that which I did love, muſt ſurely dye.
But in thy ſervice, if I pleaſure take,
And thy ſweet word my whole delight do make.
That word doth ſtill my drooping ſoul aſſure,
That for the beſt it ſhall be all to me,
If patiently I doe awaite on thee.

Of

Of Submiſſion.

WHat comes to me, Lord comes from thee ?
Nought comes to me, but comes from thee.
What though, againſt my will it be,
If thou it fitting ſeeſt for me.
Let be, and Maſter thou my will,
That I thy ſervant, may fulfill
Thy holy will, and thee obey :
Make me obedient be, I pray.
If I obey thy Majeſty,
I need not fear, although I dye.

Hope.

WHat though my morning be debard of light,
For me thou ſhalt break forth, a noon moſt bright.

The onely Comforter.

WHat in this world doe I deerer eſteem ?
Or greater in my minde, here ſtill do deem ?
Then that Spirit which floweth ſtill from thee,
Which makes my ſoule in happy bliſſe to be ?
For nothing in this world, here can me pleaſe,
Nor yet my Soule, from paine and grief can eaſe :
But thy ſweet ſpirit which abides for aye,
For theſe vaine worldly things, doe fade away.
My ſoul immortall, did proceed from thee,
And pleas'd with mortall things, ſhe cannot bee.
You earthly pleaſures, I can uſe you all,
But treaſures of my ſoule, Ile not you call.
Goe flee vaine pleaſures, for ſure all muſt grant,
Nought can us pleaſe, but what is permanent.
In thee my Lord, my ſoul alone is bleſt,
In thee alone, I doe attaine ſweet reſt.

The Soules Flight.

WHither away, my Soule, do'ſt high,
That thou ſo fain, from me would'ſt fly?
Sure it is, to ſome holy place;
That thou thy ſelfe, there may'ſt ſolace.
Thou wilt not here abide with me,
But goe to God, there to be free.
To him thou liv'ſt, to him thou flyeſt,
That is the reaſon that thou higheſt.
And here I wiſh thee not to ſtay,
I wiſh to Heaven, thou mighſt away.
From Priſon oft, I wiſh thee free,
That thou mayſt be at liberty.

The Virgins Offring.

WIth thee, bleſt Virgin, I would bring
An Offering, to pleaſe my King.
Two Turtle Doves, thou didſt preſent,
Can there be better by me ſent.
A Lambe more pure, then they could be,
I heard was thither brought by thee.
Theſe two ſmall Turtles now of mine,
To him, I do preſent with thine.
The Lambe will ſerve for thee and mee,
No better offering, can there be.
Thus with thee, Virgin doe I bring
An offering will pleaſe my King.

To my Doves.

YOur life, I ment not, till my death
Might give you freedome with my breath.
And when I breath'd in Heavens Aire free,

I did

I did intend your libertie,
But offer'd now, you ſure muſt be,
A Sacrifice of thanks from mee.
When we are dead, we cannot give,
Our offerings muſt be while we live.
Two Doves, no Phenix, you muſt be.
I muſt ſee that live, comes from me:
You as an offering, goe from me,
But on your wings, my heart muſt be.
My heart now free, from all deſire,
But what is kindled by heavens fire.
To him, I doe preſent, as free,
As ever he did give it me.
I on your wings, would ſore aloft,
And ſtill live free from humane thought.
Accept great God, what I preſent,
Thy glory is my Souls intent.

Goe now my Doves, and ſoar aloft,
The drooping heart raiſe you full oft,
To ſuch a heigth, bear it away,
That it may ſee celeſtiall day,
And never lett it on earth reſt;
But leave it in Heavens glorious breſt.

The Triumph.

SIth thou from thrall haſt ſett me free,
I will ſing prayſes unto thee.
Thou haſt brought me from Temptation,
And fild me with contemplation
Of thy heavenly habitation,
In which lives a glorious Nation,
Which triumphantly doe ſing,
Praiſe and glory to their King.
No darkneſſe, nor no dolefull night,

Obſcures

Obſcures their Viſion of delight,
No noiſe doth interrupt their voice,
They doe inceſſantly rejoyce.
Mayſt thou my Soule, now be ſo bold,
That glorious place for to behold,
And ſay, how that faire Cities bleſt,
In which the righteous ſhall have reſt.
The wals are rais'd of Gems more bright,
Then are the Diamonds here in ſight:
The Saphire, Diamond, Ruby fine,
Their beauty in each one combine.
The other Gems their luſtre bright,
With them doe give ſo fine a light;
That like the Rainbow it doth ſhow,
But far more bright, you'l think I know.
Moſt glorious things, are ſaid of thee
Thou City, where the mighties bee,
The ſtreets, are of the pureſt mold,
Exceeding farr, the brighteſt gold;
And from Gods glorious Throne doth ſpring
A River that ſweet pleaſures bring,
Adorn'd with many a goodly tree,
Which freſh and flouriſhing ever bee.
They doe not onely pleaſe the eye,
But heal the wounds, would make us dye,
Nor fruitleſſe doe their trees appear,
But pleaſant fruit yeeld all the year.
I doe not wonder, fruit ſo rife
Upon theſe goodly Trees of life.
No change, doth in this place appeare,
No ſcorching heat, nor cold is here.
This heav'n the bright Lamb his wife gives,
And ſhe in this place alwayes lives.
She is more lovely then the Roſe,
Freſh, faire and beauteous, and ſtill goes,
In long white Robes, ſo pure and clear,

Like Orient Pearl ſhe doth appear:
And on her head, a Crowne more bright,
Then is the Sun, here in our ſight.
The pure white Lilly, at her feet,
And pleaſant Roſe there ſtrive to meet;
For all their beauty and their grace,
Is from reflexion of her face.
Theſe lovely flowers doe never fade,
But for eternity were made.
How can this place but pleaſing bee?
When here ſuch pleaſures you may ſee!
And in this place, you may behold,
The ancient Martyrs Crown'd with gold,
With Palms of Victory, in their hand,
Which were giv'n them at Gods command.
By a bright ſtreame like Chriſtall pure,
The bleſſed Saints ſit ſafe and ſure.
In a faire Grove, pleaſant and ſweet,
They with great joy each other meet.
And they recount, their troubles paſt,
And their tranſcendent joyes at laſt.
The Quires of Angels, ſtill do ſing
Continuall praiſes, to their King
Like them, let me, be praiſing thee,
While here on earth thou'lt have me bee.
Here let me drinke, deep of that ſpring
That flows from thee, and I ſhall ſing,
Sweet praiſes to thy holy name:
My tongue and hand, ſhall ſpeake thy fame,
I ſtill muſt end my God to thee,
All praiſe and glory given bee.

To my Siſter. S.G.

HEavens bright ſhining ſtar, ſhine in thy face,
Thy mortall body, with rare vertues grace.

I wiſh

I wiſh thoſe beams may ſtill thy ſoul inwrap,
That Satan may not thy ſweet ſoul intrap.
From his malicious ſnares, I wiſh thee free,
That thou mayſt have thy ſoule at liberty.
Set not thy heart upon theſe fading pleaſures,
Thou art an heire to heavens eternall treaſures.
Their vain delights will not abide, but vaniſh
From thy pure ſoul, in youth them quickly baniſh,
If thou delight in them they'l breed thy paine,
But if thou baniſh them, then ſhalt thou gaine
To thy high-borne Soul immortal treaſure,
Celeſtiall joy, true eternall pleaſure.
Then here on earth thy heaven thou ſhalt begin,
For pleaſures vaine, intice thee unto ſin.
Vaine pleaſure ſoon, Sweet Siſter doe thou fly,
That ſin in thee, may fade full ſoon and dye.
Fix thou thine eyes on that faire Sun of light,
Who aye inwrap thee in his beames moſt bright
Dazle and blinde thine eyes, to earthly things,
Ope them in Heaven, where his ſweet angels ſings.
He bring thy ſoul to that immortall place,
Where like the Sun ſhall ſhine thy mortall face.

I know you pleas'd will be, to hear of me,
If I am bleſt or happy, you ſhall ſee.
My Soul, I therefore now have ſent you dreſt,
When ſo ſhee's tyr'd, ſhe cannot but be bleſt.
My glory and my Lord have tane from me
The garments of ſad mourning, you ſhall ſee:
Upon her head a Crowne of joy he'ath plac't,
How can ſhe be but happy, when ſo grac't.
The bright faire robe of honour ſhee hath on,
Which can be giv'n but by himſelfe alone,
Seeing he hath dreſt me for his throne of glory,
But I muſt ſtay to act another Story.

Canticles 2.

THe Winter is past, the Summer is come, I will now solace my selfe in the Vineyards of my beloved; for he will guide me here by his Counsell, and at length receive me to his Glory.

The Rapture.

MOst people hover here below,
Too neer the earth, Ile not doe so;
But Ile arise, and to Heaven goe,
I will not tarry here below.

This earthly state's, too meane for mee,
Ile flee where the bright Angels bee,
That still the face of God doe see,
With them, my Soul can best agree,

'Mong them Ile set me downe and sing,
The praises of our glorious King,
By him we have our blest being,
We with delight his praises sing.

Still in this Rapture let me bide,
And from this pleasing blisse nev'r glide,
But be like to the Eagle ey'd.
I have just now methinks descride

The glorious Sun in Heaven so bright,
On this transcendent throne of light;
It dazles now my humane sight;
The luste of it is so bright.

I would

would not now with mortals be,
o tell them in what bliſſe are we.
et them ariſe, and come to me,
f they would know our dignity.

let me not to earth now goe,
ow dark and hideous, it doth ſhow,
hey crawl like Ants methinks below,
mong ſuch Creatures I'de not goe.

ut if to earth thou wilt have me,
o doe what thy will doth decree;
et me deſcend more willingly;
y me thy will muſt acted bee.

ut yet before I goe away
rant I beſeech, for what I pray,
r let me here with thee ſtill ſtay,
ake no offence at my delay.

h let thy heavenly Sun of light
ith me ſend down his beams moſt bright,
o to my ſoule ſhall be no night,
he being inwrapt in Heav'ns bright light.

The Flight.

Liza for, aske now not here,
She's gone to heaven, to meet her Peer.
or ſince her Lord, on earth was dead,
hat tarry here! ſhe'd not, ſhe ſed.
nd to the heavens, ſhe took her flight,
hat ſhe might be ſtill in his ſight;
nd ſo to us ſhe bid adieu,
ut prov'd her ſelfe a lover true.

The Life.

IF as men say, we live not, where we are,
But where we love,
I live above.
For what on earth, or yet in heaven is there
Desir'd can be,
Tis none but thee.
Great God, thou onely worth desiring art,
And none but thee, then must possesse my heart.

My Wishes.

I Wish no wit to wrong my Brother,
I wish not wealth to wrong another;
I wish no beauty to enthrall,
I wish no worldly wish at all.
I wish from sin God would me bring,
I wish for heaven, at my ending.

Upon a paine at heart.

GOd laid his hand upon my heart,
To see, if I would from it part:
I was content to let it goe,
I lik't it best to have it so;
For then no more it should be pain'd,
When it with him a place had gain'd,
But hee'd hav't here, a few more dayes,
An Instrument unto his praise.

The Portion.

WHat if the world on me should frown,
Thou art my Crown;

wealth and beauty part away,
Thou art my ſtay.
t others count this world a hell,
In it I'me well;
o wonder, if I happy be,
Sith, I'me in thee;
r why? in thee all bliſſe doth dwell,
hen here, to me can be no hell.

The Friday before Eaſter.

WHy ſhould I now, lament & moan?
The bleſſed ſeed, to day was ſown,
hall never in the earth decay,
ut riſe in triumph, the third day.

On Eaſter day.

ARiſe and ſee, why doſt thou ſleep,
The bed of earth, could not him keep,
he Sun is riſſe, that made the day,
n grave, thou needs fear no decay.
hoſe glorious beams hath made the earth,
place to give thee a new birth.
rom Mothers wombe thou cam'ſt to be
Creature of Mortality;
rom wombe of earth, thou rais'd ſhalt bee,
creature like the Deity;
When thou art pleas'd, that I ſhall dye,
am content in earth to lye:
here ſhall I ſafely lye and reſt,
ill thou wilt raiſe me with the bleſt.
hough I could wiſh, that it might bee
s were my childiſh thoughts in mee,
hat like *Elias* I might riſe,
n Cherubs wings, in Chariot wiſe:

To thy bright heaven, where I might bee,
There cloath'd with immortality:
Thoſe thoughts were childiſh his confeſt,
In grave I muſt be for heaven dreſt.
The earth a while, my body muſt retaine,
Though as a King, my Soul in heaven doth reign.

The Pavillion.

ON thy fair wings, moſt ſacred Dove,
Let me be rais'd, with thee on high
Unto the heavenly God of Love,
Where I ſhal reſt me quietly.

No ill ſhall there my Dove affright,
I'le bid all feare on earth adieu,
For I am now at ſuch a height,
As cannot reached be by you.

In this Pavillion I ſhall ſing,
Though I may ſee you fly at me,
I am aſſur'd by his bright wing,
He will not let me wounded bee.

The Submiſſion.

MY ſoul to Heaven would haſt & fly,
And there make ſuit, that I may die
Becauſe from heaven ſhe is detain'd,
Lives in a body ſometimes pain'd:
And in her glory cannot be,
So long, as here ſhe ſtayes in me.

But that thy will ſhee doth reſpect,
And looks to what thou haſt elect,
And will contented be to ſtay;

That

hat here thy will, ſhe might obey :
he wiſheth rather to pleaſe thee,
hen in her glory for to bee.

The Change.

VAine world, when as I loved thee.
Dire ſadneſſe ſtill poſſeſſed me,
ut ſince I lernt to diſpiſe thee,
weet joys and gladneſſe filleth me.

The Choice.

HEavenly treaſure,
In ſome meaſure
aſt thou here unto me ſent,
Yet I would dye,
And to heav'n fly
o poſſeſſe a full content.
My ſoul's ſweet joy
Nought doth annoy :
ut my body's ſometimes pain'd,
I cannot bee
From all ill free,
ill bright heaven, I have obtain'd
Here the ſtory
Of thy glory
s that which doth me delight ;
But ſure more joy,
With no annoy
uſt be in thy Palace bright,
With ſpeed thy will
Let me fulfill ,
nd take me to thy heavenly light.

The Reſt.

FRom Heaven ſtill flows ſuch ſweet Celeſtiall joy,
That this earths troubles ſhall not me annoy,
For I above them ſhall ſet ſafe and free,
And underneath me ſhall them gliding ſee.

The morning Star.

BRight morning ſtar of heavenly light,
Riſe to my Soul, and baniſh night,
And with thy fair bright beams expell
Thoſe clouds that make this world like hell:
And with thy ſweet attractive power,
Raiſe thou me, to thy bliſſefull bower:
Where being rais'd, let me aye reſt,
Fixt in the Region of thy breſt;
Where like a bright ſtar I ſhall ſhine,
I being array'd in rayes of thine.
And to the darkeſome world ſhine bright,
I living in thy glorious light.

The worlds farewell.

NOw to the world I bid adieu,
I'me haſting better things to view:
To Heavens faire Palace ſhining bright,
It may be I may fly to night,
And'mong bright Angels ſpend my time,
To hear and ſee, but what's Divine:
And with an Orient light be clad,
And live like to the Angels glad;
For what makes me ſo joyfull here,
Cauſe in thy robes, I ſhall appear.
Lye thou my body in theeath,

ill thou ſhalt gain a better birth.
rom earth thou cam'ſt ſpotted with ſin,
nd thither ſo return'ſt agen.
hen thou art purified then I
hall take thee and thou ſhalt not dye:
nd when the Trumpet thou doſt hear,
hou in thy glory ſhalt appear.
King doth come to bring that lott,
hich he himſelfe for thee hath got,
Kingdom 'tis, of joy and glory,
nd now, I end my earthly ſtory.

The Swans.

FAire Swans, you now beyond me go,
In pleaſant Robes, like pure white ſnow,
But I ere long ſhall be more bright,
In faire eternall robes of light.

Your fair robes fall and fade away,
But my bright robes, ſhall nev'r decay.
You ſing they ſay, before you dye,
But when I'me dead, then ſing ſhall I.

To a friend at Court.

REtired here content I live,
My own thoughts to me pleaſure give.
While thine owne actions anger thee,
Sweet quiet thoughts contenteth me.
This bleſſing ſweet retiredneſſe brings,
We envy none, but pity Kings.

Chriſts

Christs Kingdome.

With you blest Angels, I must sing,
That brought the news of heav'ns great King
That from bright Heaven awhile did part,
To raise his Kingdome with my heart.

Before he came there was great strife,
To lead me to a hellish life:
But like an humble Babe cam'st thou,
Yet made those mighty powers to bow.

Thou didst regain me for thy right,
For I at first sprang from thy light,
Satan aside a while drew me,
But could not keep me Lord from thee.

When thou hast cast off that foule sin,
Thy Kingdome in me didst begin,
And here thou wilt still reign in me,
Till I shallcome and reigne with thee.

At thy approach, black shades did vanish,
And from my heart thou feare didst banish,
And in their room did light appear,
And joy instead of dreadly feare.

Sweet joy and peace, thou didst bring me,
How can I chuse but sing to thee:
To my great God all glory be,
Thou plac'st his Kingdome here in me.

Vaine

Vaine thoughts baniſht.

ADieu vain thoughtt, Adieu, Adieu,
My Soule no more delights in you,
You'r no companion for my ſpirit,
I muſt a heaven of bliſſe inherit.

Your darkneſſe dims my ſouls cleare ſight,
And you debar me of heavens light:
When free from you I heaven can view;
Vain thoughts, I now will baniſh you.

My intention.

GO vaine invention, get you hence,
With me make not your reſidence,
Court not my Muſe with fine invention,
To praiſe my God tis my intention,
Lord let no line be writ by me,
That excludes, or includes not thee,

Earths honour ſlighted.

OF Earthly honour tell not me;
The vanity of it I ſee:
Tis like a flower that ſoon doth riſe,
If ruffly ſtruck it falls and dies.
But that bright honour which I priſe,
Sweetly ſprings up and never dies;
And's like the Sun whoſe pleaſing ray,
Doth baniſh night, and bring the day:
His pleaſant ſweet attractive light,

Raiſeth

Raiſeth me to a heavenly hight.
With this fair honour being dreſt,
I'me free from fear, and live in reſt.
'Tis heavenly honour I eſteem,
All earthly honour vain I deem:
The one is made to fall and dye,
I love what bides eternally.

Luke 20. 36. *In that world they ſhall be equall to the Angels.*

HEre like the Angels let me be,
And as thoſe bleſſed ſpirits free:
From vaine engagements let me bide,
And as they with thee ſtill reſide.

Like them I'me made, by my new birth,
But I'me ſtill wrapt in robes of earth.
Through a darke mantle I thee ſee,
But oh that I unwrapt may be.

This bleſſing now on earth me give,
That like thine Angels I might live.
So ſhall my ſoul ſuch ſweet joys find,
That earthly things I ſhall not minde.

Upon the morning riſe.

NOw welcome ſweet and pleaſant Morn,
Doe you not thinke, that I you ſcorn:
Cauſe with a more Orientall light,
Imbelliſht is my bleſt ſpirit.

With thanks I ſtill you entertaine.

For by your light, my eye-ſight gain:
But you are darkneſſe, to that light,
That is diſcride, by my ſouls ſights.

Upon hearing the Birds ſing.

SWeet Birds with you Ile ſet and ſing,
Due praiſes to our heavenly King.
Like you me thinks, I am as free,
So made great divine Prince by thee.

My Robes.

I Will not now to thee Lord come
As I from *Adam* came,
But I will come as in thy Son,
His Robys ſhall hide my ſhame.

He is my Spouſe, and my lov'd Lord,
In him thou loveſt me,
I to thy will would ſtill accord,
And with him ſtill agree.

In his bright Robes, I will preſent
My ſelfe to thee and ſay,
To doe thy will is my intent;
In him I thee obey.

Thou canſt not now, Lord me reject,
Thou muſt me perfect ſee:
His beauty doth on me reflect,
I'me beautifull to thee.

The Dart.

SHoot from above
Thou God of Love,
And with heav'ns dart
Wound my bleſt heart.

Deſcend ſweet life,
And end this ſtrife:
Earth would me ſtay,
But I'le away.

I'le dye for love
Of thee above,
Then ſhould I bee
Made one with thee.

And let be ſed
Eliza's dead,
And of love dy'd,
That love defi'd.

By a bright beam, ſhot from above,
She did aſcend to her great Love,
And was content of love to dye,
Shot with a dart of Heavens bright eye.

Of Poetry.

POets they ſay are always poor,
But tis not they are at thy door.
They cannot chuſe but wealthy be,
For why? Rich poems flow from thee.

'Tis they that clime the hill, is none of thine,
But goe for aid unto the Muſes Nine.

No wonder though ſuch fools are poor,
That goe for Alms to a wrong door.
They ſeek to them to get their wealth,
Who have too little for their ſelfe.

To the King. writ, 1644.

TO thee, Great Monarch of this Iſle
I ſend my Babes, pray make them ſmile;
For yet methinks tis in thy power,
To make them ſmile, or let them lower.
They'r children to that Prince of might,
Who is the Prince of peace behight.
Do not with war my Babes affright,
In ſmiling peace is their delight,
My Prince by yeelding won the field,
Be not too rigid, dear King yeeld:
Examples that are great and high.
I hope you'l follow, fix your eye
On my great prince, that is your King,
He left a Heaven, you peace to bring.
A Kingdome I'de not have you leave,
But rather three reform'd receive.
All bliſſe and peace I wiſh to you,
Let us in peace, your preſence view.

To the Queen of Bohemiah.

LOng ſince, it was by me deſir'd,
To ſee that Queen ſo much admir'd;

But

But well I knew, t'was not for mee,
Great Princesses to goe to see.
But thraldomes key, did let me out,
And trouble brought my wish about,
By thraldome then I freedome gain'd,
By trouble my desire obtain'd.
I then did see her so admir'd,
And thy rich graces Lord inspir'd.
A minde so great and bravely beare,
What in the most breeds care and feare.
A spirit high so humble bee,
To deigne her sweet regards to me.
Her I admire, and for her pray
On earth she may live many a day:
And when this earth she shall forsake,
That into heaven, thou wouldst her take,
Where ou a Throne she may be Crown'd,
And with bright Angels compast round.

The Lover.

COme let us now to each discover,
Who is our friend, and who our Lover,
What? art thou now asham'd of thine,
I tell thee true, I me not of mine.

And you will say when you him see,
That none but he, desir'd can bee,
He is the onely pleasing wight,
Whose presence can content my sight.

For He's the purest red and white,
In whom my soule takes her delight:
He to the flowrs heir beauty gives,
In him the Rose and Lilly lives.

His pleaſant haire with ſeemly grace,
Hangs by his faire ſweet lovely face,
And from his pleaſing eyes do dart
Their arrows which do pierce my heart.

Theſe beauties all are richly grac'ſt,
For on his head, a crown is plac'ſt,
Of glory, which doth ſhine ſo bright,
As mortall eye can ſee this light,

This lovely Lord's, the Prince of Peace,
In him, my joyes will ſtill increaſe;
For he's the true, and conſtant friend,
Whoſe love begun, will never end.

From Heaven he came with me to dwell,
And ſav'd my ſoul from direfull hell,
Tis he alone my heart doth gaine,
That keeps me from eternall pain.

While here I live, here he will bee;
Death cannot ſeparate him from me:
And when I dye, he will me place,
Where I ſhall ever ſee his face.

Into his glory, hee'l take mee,
This doe I know, this ſhall you ſee.
And now you know my loved friend,
My loves begun, it will not end.

The renowned King.

LAdies! if beauty you deſire,
Or to high fortunes doe aſpire,
Come now with me I have deſcride,
A Prince, that to all, can you guide.

He

He is a King of great renown,
And on your head can place a Crowne
And with immortall beauty bleſſe,
Can you wiſh more? yet wiſh no leſſe

If you deſire this Prince to ſee,
Then leave the world and goe with me,
To true Eliſian fields, i'le guide
You, where I this great Prince eſpi'd.

The holy leaves of Sacred writ
Are thoſe Eliſians, there let's gett,
Where with joy we ſhall him finde,
This glorious Prince will pleaſe your minde

He's like the Roſe in Sharon fields,
Pleaſant to ſight, and ſweetneſſe yeelds,
With ſweet and faire, from his bright face,
The Lilly and the Roſe gets grace,

With ſerious thoughts now him behold
If you him love you may be bold,
And in his preſence ever bee,
His beauty will reflect on thee.

If thou get beauty from his face,
He will you take from your mean place,
And on his Throne he will ſet thee,
Where with his Crown thou crown'd ſhalt bee,

That beauty ſtill with thee will ſtay,
Time will not carry it away.
That Crowne ſhall no man take from thee,
But thou ſhalt wear't eternally.

To my Sister, S. S.

SWeet Sister, Let us in Heaven greet,
Since here on earth we cannot meet
Hard by that stream of Christall pure,
To meet thee there I will be sure.
That streame which from this Throne doth rise;
Whose waters pure cure our ill eyes:
Then let us sit us downe and rest,
No enemies shall us there molest.
Lets leave our bodies here as dead,
When thus our Soules to heaven are fled:
Where we possesse a ravisht joy,
When as the world lies in annoy.
Let's take those waters now and drink,
'Twill make us then no more to think
Of these base follies here below,
Dear Sister, let us both doe so.
Then let us set us down and tell
By whom we were redeem'd from hell,
T'was he that sits on yon bright Throne,
Wrought our redemption all alone.
Who would not now their soules prize high;
For whom so great a Prince did die.
Come let us up those streams and see,
Where those bright glories sitting bee.
There Three in One conjoyn'd we see,
And yet each Person differing be.
There sets our powerfull God alone,
Upon his glorious heavenly Throne,
At his right hand sits his dear Son,
Oh! Who would think he'd let him come
From that bright Throne to suffer here.
And for our sakes vile to appear.

Ten thouſand, thouſand Angels bee
Tending about his Throne you ſee:
They ſing the praiſes of that King,
Oh hear, how rare, and ſweet they ſing!
My ſenſes now are raviſht quite,
My Soule is fill'd with ſuch delight,
That if I now my choice might have,
They ſhould my body lay in grave,
And ſay, That I did chuſe to dye,
And let my body on earth lye,
Till it moſt glorious ſhould bee,
Like to Thoſe Angels that we ſee.
The holy Spirit there doth bide,
For in the Son they all reſide.
No bodily preſence doth appear,
But of that God that ſufferd here.
Theſe glories cannot limned bee
By my frail pencell, well I ſee.
Now let us down thoſe banks, like green
Rich Velvet, whereupon are ſeen
Bright orient Pearl, and Rubies fair,
Strow'd on the velvet here and there,
Bright Diamonds ſcattered there doe lye,
Look! there ſprings up the violet by:
As if a pride that ſweet flower took,
Her face in that bright Gem to look,
The pure white Violet doth delight,
To hang upon that Ruby bright,
The ſweet Carnation Pink that growes
By that rich Pearl, howe fine it ſhow's.
Now let us on theſe ſweet bancks reſt,
Methinks we are divinely bleſt.
Look by thoſe chriſtall ſtreams, there grows
The Lilly fair, and lovely Roſe.
How in the waters they doe ſhow,
Bright er then they do where they grow.

A Luſtre fine thoſe waters give
Into thoſe plants that by them live.
Come let us now goe walk and ſee,
Like whom we ſhall hereafter be,
See there *Elias* doth appear
Like to the Angels that are here,
I did forget; we ſhall in light,
Be like his glorious body bright,
But hark! Methinks I hear one ſay,
Thou muſt from Heaven to Earth away:
You muſt your children goe and teach,
How they this bleſſed place may reach,
It will be a pleaſant ſight to ſee
Their faces like thoſe Angels bee,
The which ere while, we did behold,
In Robes more bright then is the gold;
The which on earth we think ſo fine,
When we in thoſe baſe mettals ſhine,
But yet before you goe away,
Here me a little what I ſay:

If croſſe you find things goe below,
In earth a while it muſt be ſo,
Let it not trouble your bleſt mind,
In Heaven you ſhall no croſſneſs find,

If any aske you how I fare,
Then tell them ſure I'me free from care;
For I'me in heaven, you left me there.

The Viſion.

WHy from celeſtiall bliſs, did you
Draw me? theſe meaner things to view,
Through thoſe faire gates of pearl, get I

And that moſt pleaſant wall paſt by,
Up that pure river ſtrait I went,
That from the throne takes his aſcent,
Then to the glorious throne I got,
Where I did ſee, O God, what not:
For whatſoever doth excell,
In thee, doth in perfection dwell.
That glorious Luſtre and bright ray
Made me forget my mortallday.
Me thought that fine Orientall light,
Made me like it appear as bright.
From theſe ſweet joyes why draw you me
My ſelf in meaner Robes to ſee?
For ſince I us'd to heaven to go,
All things on earth do ſordid ſhow.

The Heart.

TWo hearts in one breaſt can there not remain,
The one heart puts the other heart to pain.
My heart I will ſtill keep, take thou thine own,
My heart is happy when diſturb'd by none.
Without a heart I know you cannot live,
Therefore your own I freely to you give.
Mine is in Heaven, and will admit no change,
To leave my reſt in heaven, on earth to range.
I'de have it written in my happy ſtory,
None had my heart but heav'ns great prince of glory
My youths affection, to him I did ſend,
None can have any but what he will lend.
From mortall thraldome deare Prince keep thou me
So though on earth, I as in heaven ſhall bee.

The Bride.

th you me ask, Why borne was I?
I'le tell you; twas to heaven to fly,
t here to live a ſlaviſh life,
being to the world a wife.

hen I was born, I was ſet free,
om mortals thraldom here to bee;
r that great Prince prepar'd a bride,
at for my love on earth here dy'd.

y not I then earths thraldom ſcorn,
h for heavens Prince I here was born?
natch't in heaven I weare a Crown,
t earthly thra'dome puls me downe.

On the day dedicated to the God of Heaven.

Ord, if this day belongs to thee,
No part of it pertains to mee.
en ſith this Day, is wholly thine,
t thoughts and actions be divine.
t my ſoule, be divinely clad,
d let me be like Angels glad.
ith Angels food, this day feed mee,
d let heav'ns Nectar my drink bee.
d to compleat my hearts deſire
nd downe a beam of heav'ns bright fire.
it let me that pure path ſee,
at leads to glorious bliſs and thee.

The Defiance.

COme now tumultuous flouds and ſhow,
Your ſpite by tumults, you ſhall know,
Eliza's plac'ſt above your reach
Upon her ſoul you make no breach,

Unto the world, you do let ſee
You'd have her looſe, but gain ſhall ſhee.
What you can get ſhe doth not mind,
Her treaſure lies not in your wind.

When my Brother was ſick.

IF that my Brother thou wilt take from me,
Lord with thy will make me contented be.
But if it be, thy bleſſed will my Lord,
To my requeſt to bend and to accord.
And if no harm, to him, that it might bee
In this requeſt, then gracious God hear me,
And grant, that well and long, he here may live,
And honor thee, and glory to thee give
And be an inſtrument here of thy praiſe,
And in thy ſervice, ſpend and end his daies.
But if in his young years, my Lord thou pleaſe
From paine and grief to take him unto eaſe.
And if thou fitter doſt my Brother ſee,
With thee to raign in glory, then to be,
Here ſubject to a world of ſlaviſh fears;
For in this mortall world we muſt have cares.
Onely in heaven we ſhall ſweet freedom gain,
In heaven, there is no fear, no care, nor pain.
Then to thy holy will, my gracious Lord,
Make me thy ſervant ever to accord.

nd if to Heaven thou wilt my Brother take,
pray thee teach my ſoul for to forſake
ain earthly thoughts, and flee from earth to thee,
o with my Brothers ſoul my ſoul ſhall bee.

y wiſhes are, thoſe beams may raviſh thee,
hat wrapt me now in ſweet felicity.

The Guard.

Ou bleſſed Angels, that ſtill live,
And tendance on us mortals give,
rom my moſt dear Lord you are ſent,
o tend on me, for the intent,
rom harm and danger me to keep.
ou are my guard while I do ſleep,
do not grudge for to confeſſe,
ay my poor ſoul can ſay no leſſe;
am unworthy of that favour,
ranted to me from my Father,
hat you on me, ſhould tendance give,
ee which in glory ſtill do live.
have offended him each hour,
nd done the ill lay in my power.
hen you, that ſtill obedient be,
h! why ſhould you attend on me.
his is a myſtery full deep;
ou being righteous, ſinners keep.
y God I pray thee make me know,
hy thoſe bleſt Angels ſhould do ſo?
or ſhould I my deſerts conſider,
y judgement thus I muſt deliver,
nto the pit, and dungeon deep
here Satan is adjudg'd to keep:
here fire and brimſtone raging be

Where pain abides perpetually,
Into this place of miſery,
There ſhould I goe, when that I dye.
Go leave thy thoughts, thy own thoughts leave,
And from thy God, anſwer receive.
From that fierce place of miſery,
Thee for to ſave, the Lord did die.
And though no ſin he did commit,
He of his goodneſſe thought it fit
To take thy ſins, and quit them all,
And bid thee then no more to fall.
And tells thee, thou needs not to fear:
For why of thee he takes the care.
And that on earth while thou doſt live,
For tendance on thee he will give.
His Angels charge, thee to protect,
And be the guard of his Elect;
His mercy is the onely reaſon
We are ſecur'd from Satans Treaſon.

Felicity.

I Am my Gods, and he doth let me ſee
In hima true and ſweet felicity.
Thoſe ſprings of joy, that riſe ſtill freſh in me,
Proceed my dear ſweet heavenly Prince from thee

On ſudden Death.

IF thou in haſt ſhalt ſend for me
Great God to live in Heaven with thee,
Though to ſome minds it ſodain be,
It is not ſodain unto me.

Heaven.

LOrd thou doſt bring a heaven with thee,
Then where I am a heaven muſt be,
For thou art ever Lord with mee.

The Giver engaged to the Receiver.

THou ſaiſt thou art ingag'd to me
For what I give, when I'm to thee:
Thou doſt accept a gift that's poor,
For it I have ten thouſand more.

The Sun Beames.

THy bleſſings, like the Sunbeams bee
Reaching from heaven to earth on me.
Like a rich Canopy they ſhow,
Spreading from Heaven, doth round me flow.
'Tis not abundance rich makes me,
But a ſufficiency from thee.

To my Brother.

ELiza ſaies when as ſhe dies,
Shee'l baniſh tears from all your eyes,
Unleſſe for envy you will weep,
That you could not her bleſt ſoul keep
From her eternall bliſſe and joy,
To live with yours in earths annoy.

When

When you have brought me to my grave,
Then tell the world, tis what I'de have,
Yee need not ſay you leſt me dead,
But ſay, I am laid in my bed.
Where I ſhall ſafely lye and ſleep,
For heavens great Emperor doth me keep.
'Mong Kings and Princes that attend.
Till to our glory we aſcend.

What I Love.

GIve me a Soule, give me a Spirit,
That flyes from earth, heaven to inherit.
But thoſe that grovell here below,
What! I love them? I'le not do ſo.

The onely bound.

MY boundleſſe ſpirits, bounded be in thee,
For bounded by no other can they be.

The Chriſtians happineſſe.

GOds high Spirit ſhall thee direct,
His Angels ſhall thee ſtill protect.
They ſhal thee guard, while thou doſt ſleep,
They from all evill ſhall thee keep.
So thou no evill needs to fear,
Becauſe of thee God takes the care.

The

The Retribution.

F thou art pleas'd to have my heart,
Accept it Lord from me,
ith thou doſt chuſe it for thy part,
give it none but thee.

Mine eyes to thee I doe preſent,
Accept them now of me ;
For thou unto me haſt them lent,
They doe belong to thee.

Thus heart and eyes, and all are thine,
That doe belong to me.
Before I knew that they were mine,
They were all made by thee.

Gods Commands eaſie.

MY Lord ! how eaſie is thy will
Do, as I would be done unto.
Thy holy Law I then fulfill,
And give the Lord his praiſes due.

Why ſhould I to another doe,
What I would not have done to me,
All praiſes to thee Lord, is due ,
For all we have proceeds from thee.

Praiſe.

GLory to my gracious Lord ,
Who to my wiſhes doth accord,

While

While here I live, I must thee praise,
For as in Heaven I spend my dayes.

For nought doth here my soul annoy,
But I possesse a Heaven of Joy.
And when from this blisse, thou'le take me,
In glorious Heaven my soul shall be.

The Companion.

WHo doth an heavenly Muse injoy,
Regards not this vain worlds annoy.
Nor can they ever be alone,
Heavens Muse is there Companion.

Upon the losse of my Brother.

WHen losse of ought would thee torment,
Cry; 'tis thy will, Lord I'me content.
My love must not divided be,
'Twixt Earth and Heaven, thou'lt have me see.
My brother from me thou hast tane,
But yet content I must remaine.
A Brother and a friend was he,
But much more thou wilt be to me.
When thoughts of absence moves a tear,
Thy will is, that I should forbear,
He went not but by thy decree,
And I must not displeased be.

On the Sun.

AT height of noon, it cannot be,
That I can fix mine eyes on thee,

But

t when at ſetting ; I am bold,
ith ſetled eyes thee too behold,
nverter of Atheiſtick thought,
ou wert to me, when as I ſought
remedy againſt that ſin,
hich I too deep was falling in.
me one above thee muſt make thee,
ou govern'd by a God muſt be.

Being told, ſhe was proud.

MY body, it muſt ſurely dye,
Oft to be proud then what have I.
et proud, if they will have me be,
y high-borne ſoule, it is of thee.
ut Lord, my Soul, is none of mine,
hall I be proud, of what is thine ?
s being thine, from pride I'me free,
t is enough I'me freed by thee.

My pleaſing Life.

SWeet quiet, ſweet obſcurity,
Here in this life, beſt pleaſeth me,
Till from earth's thrall I ſhall be free
To live in glorious bliſſe with thee.

When from earths tumults I am free
To contemplate great God on thee
A heaven of bliſſe in thee I ſee
How can this life, but pleaſing be.

Nothing of thee merit I can,
But yet when free from thrall of man,

I can

I can thee ſerve with heart more free,
Then from that thraldome ſtill keep me.

To a Lady unfaithfull.

Madam,

THe Prince of heaven being in love with you
Did to his glorious Kingdom, bid Adieu.
The heaven, he was awhile content to leave
To ſee, if you would his chaſt love receive.
You did belong to him, when he you ſent
Into the world; but you from him ſoon went,
And his chaſt love, ſo pleaſing and ſo ſweet,
You left your wanton Paramour to meet,
With his unlawfull love you pleas'd your ſelfe,
Fye Madam, leave him, he is but an Elf.
See what your dear ſweet Prince hath done for you,
'Tis very ſtrange, but yet tis very true.
When he did ſee you wantonize with them
Who were profeſſed enemies to him:
He then with his fierce enemy did fight,
To reingain you as his ancient right.
He loſt his royal bloud to purchaſe you,
How can you then but to this Prince prove true.
Can you a Coward love, and ſtain your name
By being falſe unto this Prince of fame?
Your wantonlovers actions hate the light,
And you'r aſham'd to act them in our ſight.
Then here I'e tell you, if you know not it,
All your actions, and vain thoughts unfit,
Your true and lawfull Lord doth ſtraight eſpie,
He ſees the wanton glances of your eye.
Think with your ſelfe, and then you will refraine,
You both your ſelf, and your great Lord defame.
I wonder how you can this vain world love,

f you did forget your heaven above,
l in your ill unlawfull actions live.
r God doth freely all things to you give:
ve you but constant to his love and true,
things are lawfull to be us'd by you.

The Curse.

thou detainst my right from me,
never will wish worse to thee.
ou ill enough hast in thy selfe,
right to thee will prove an Elf.
Angels will be good to mee,
t Devils they will prove to thee.
Metamorphis strange I see,
gels with me, Devils with thee;
us while I wish no ill to thee,
ith what I have God will blesse me.
d will with what thou dost detain
t thee to a most hellish paine.

This on my Tombe shall written bee,
When I in Glory am with thee.

VAin mortals, you thinke I am dead,
You are deceiv'd, for I am fled.
nto that Kingdome I did chuse,
hen as the earth I did refuse.
nd I in glory now am plac'st,
nd with a Crowne in Heaven am grac'st.
y soul in fair bright Robes doth shine,
y Lord, methinks they'r like to thine.
Which in the Mountain did appear
Glorious shining, bright and clear.

On

On marriage.

LOrd! if thou haſt ordain'd for me,
That I on earth muſt married be:
As often I have been foretold,
Be not thy will, by me contrould.
And if my heart thou doſt incline
Children to have, Lord make them thine,
Or never let't be ſaid they're mine.
I ſhall not like what's not divine.
I no ambition have for earth,
My thoughts are of a higher birth.
The Souls ſweet Babes, do bring no pain,
And they immortalize the name.

The Gift.

MY Lord, haſt thou given me away?
Did I on earth, for a gift ſtay?
Hath he by prayer of thee gain'd me,
Who was ſo ſtrictly knit to thee.

To thee I onely gave my heart,
Wouldſt thou my Lord from that gift part?
I know thou wouldſt deliver me
To none, but one belov'd by thee.

But Lord my heart thou doſt not give,
Though here on earth, while I doe live
My body here he may retain,
My heart in heaven, with thee muſt reigne.

hen as thy gift let him thinke me,
ith I a donage am from thee.
nd let him know thou haſt my heart,
e onely hath my earthly part.

t was my glory I was free,
nd ſubject here to none but thee,
nd ſtill that glory I ſhall hold
f thou my Spirit doſt infold.

t is my bliſſe, I here ſerve thee,
is my great joy; thou loveſt mee.

The choice of my Friend.

PRay tell the world, I did chuſe thee,
Cauſe thou aſpir'ſt to heaven with mee.
I did not chuſe for earthly ſtate,
But 'cauſe thou ſeem'ſt baſe earth to hate.

It was not earth, my love did merit,
'Twas a high and heavenly ſpirit,
Thus with heaven, I did decree
That ſuch a one my friend ſhould be.

And while our ſpirits doe aſpire
To heaven, I have my hearts deſire,
And ſtill methinks I am yet free,
We living both great God in thee.

The change.

Great God!

HOw haſt thou chang'd my thoughts in me,
For when I thought to be a wife,

I then

I then did think troubled to be,
Becauſe I ſaw moſt live in ſtrife.

But thou a husband haſt given me,
Whoſe ſweet diſcretion doth direct,
And orders all things ſo for me,
As if of heaven, he were elect.

To take all trouble quite from me,
That earths poſſeſſion here doth bring,
And ſo doth leave me quite to thee,
Thy praiſes here to ſit and ſing.

Promiſe Performed.

MY Lord, thou haſt perform'd moſt free
What in thy word thou promis'd me.
That if thy Kingdome firſt ſought wee,
All things on earth ſhould added bee.

Thou haſt giv'n me earth, water, aire,
And heavenly fire which is more rare,
That heavenly flame thou haſt ſent me,
To offer up the earth to thee.

And if thou pleaſeſt them to take,
I willingly ſhall them forſake.
I'le not be loth to give to thee
What of thy bounty thou gav'ſt me.

Plenty thou haſt, great God in ſtore,
And if thou pleaſe canſt give me more.
If earth thou tak'ſt, and heaven giv'ſt me
A gainer yet, I much ſhall bee.

Not a Husband, though never ſo excelling in goodneſs to us, muſt detaine our deſires from Heaven.

MY heart I finde upon her wings,
Ready to flee from earthly things.
But that the vertue lives in thee,
In earth a while retaineth me.

Not that of life I weary am,
For what on earth here wiſh I can,
From heavens great Prince, receive I doe,
I muſt moſt freely tell to you.

Great bleſſings from him I injoy,
And with him I have no annoy,
Yet theſe muſt not retaine my heart,
Another of me claims his part.

To heavens great prince I muſt away,
No love on earth here muſt me ſtay.
He lent me but awhile to you,
And now I muſt bid you adieu.

My Deſcent.

IF any one thinke meane of me,
'Tis cauſe they doe not my birth ſee,
I did deſcend from a great King,
And an Immortall God did ſpring.

I'me

I'me daughter to the King of Kings,
And muſt contemn baſe earthly things.
To heaven's great Prince, he married me,
And now my linage you may ſee.

And while I mean am in your eye,
I often to my glory flye,
And with my great Prince do abide,
Where placed by his bleſſed ſide.

With heavenly bliſſe methinks I'me crown'd,
His glorious beams do me furround,
Where I ſet and hear the ſtory
Of my Prince, and ſee his glory.

To my Husband.

WHen from the world, I ſhall be tane,
And from earths neceſſary paine,
Then let no blacks be worne for me,
Not in a Ring my dear by thee.
But this bright Diamond, let it be
Worn in rememberance of me.
And when it ſparkles in your eye,
Think 'tis my ſhadow paſſeth by.
For why, more bright you ſhall me ſee,
Then that or any Gem can bee.
Dreſs not the houſe with ſable weed,
As if there were ſome diſmall deed
Acted to be when I am gone,
There is no cauſe for me to mourn.
And let no badge of Herald be
The ſigne of my Antiquity.
It was my glory I did ſpring
From heavens eternall powerfull King:

o his bright Palace heir am I.
is his promiſe, hee'l not lye.
y my dear Brother pray lay me,
was a promiſe made by thee,
nd now I muſt bid thee adieu,
or I'me a parting now from you.

My Bill of thanks to Mr. C.

THough my words rare thou doſt not finde,
Might not God be prais'd by my minde.
he heart, not phraſe, God doth eſteem,
o him my heart in them are ſeen.
et men, like God, my words, not minde
n them, a thankfull heart they finde.
o praiſe him is my ſouls intent,
or his great bleſſings he hath ſent.
ou ſaid at the end of my dayes,
od would them bring out to my praiſe.
y own praiſe! I regard it not.
have enough; God is my lot.
would hear God now praiſed bee
or his great bleſſings giv'n to me.
ou'ave bils of thanks oft ſent to you,
or earthly bleſſings, and they'r due.
hall not then heavenly bleſſings be
ore priz'd then earth; they ſhall by mee.
his Bill of thanks to you I ſend,
What though it be not rarely penn'd?
Tis the intention of my heart,
hat I in it to you impart.
t is not onely ſent to thee,
ut Preachers all praiſe God for me.
with a Trumpet could proclaime
raiſes to the God of fame;

For teaching me to know his name,
All people for me doe the ſame.

Being in paine.

LOrd, if my ſin produce my paine,
Pray let me never ſin againe.
For pain is grievous unto me,
And ſin is hatefull unto thee.
Let me not do what troubleth thee,
And thou'lt not ſend what grieve ſhall me.
But if my patience Lord thou tryeſt,
If I will bear, what thou applyeſt,
To cure the malady of ſin,
Ceaſe not my pain, but ſend't again;
For pain I rather would endure,
Then grieve thine eyes of light ſo pure.
That our moſt ſecret thoughts doe ſpie,
And wanton glances of the eye:
For which thou ſendeſt puniſhments,
Or elſe corrects with ſapience.

Being taken with a ſudden pain on the Day appointed for God's publick Service.

LEt not this pain Lord, deter me
From publick offering praiſe to thee.
Though private prayers may pleaſing bee
From others, and as well from me.
But publick bleſſings thou giv'ſt me,
And publick praiſe I'de offer thee.
Thou te'ſt me, if I will confeſs
Thee before men; thou'lt do no leſſe

For me before thine Angels bright,
And thy great Father in his light.
In private I may ſerve thee here,
But that to men doth not appeare.
I then in publick will ſerve thee,
Whiles here thou giveſt me liberty.
And not depend on charity,
To think I doe belong to thee.

The Antidote.

THis Antidote will cure your fear.
The God of heaven for you takes care.
They cannot fear, that live above',
Their fear is cured by their love.

My Satisfaction.

I Am content with this earths fate,
Cauſe I am borne for higher ſtate.
Sweet quiet here I wiſh no more,
I'de have my glory kept in ſtore,

Yet I have on thoſe Robes of glory,
Of which I oft have read the ſtory.
That pure refined ſouls doe wear,
Living in regions free from care.

For with the eye of faith I ſee
My ſelfe ſweet Prince, as I'me in thee:
And with thee I doe live above,
Becauſe we live where we doe love.

But Oh my God! when ſhall it be that the dark Lanthorne of Faith, ſhall be ſwallowed up in the bright mantle of ſweet fruition?

Being called a Stoick

NOt as a Stoick I'me exempt from care,
But as a Chriſtian I would all things beare.
Nor that I blinded am and nothing ſee,
No: I ſee all, but take all patiently.

Gods Prerogative.

LOrd, ſhall I grudge at thy juſt will,
Or ſhall I queſtion thy great skill,
And think the world thou doſt not rule
As thou art wont; peace ſilly fool.
Without his rule it cannot ſtand,
All things are done at his command.
Doe not then grudge at what he doth,
Nor in thy heart have any ruth
'Gainſt them who now do rule the Land,
They have no power but from his hand.
The earth is his, and he plucks down
Who him diſpleaſe, and gives the Crowne
To others, if they him obey,
They ſhall ſtill rule; if not, then they
Shall be deſtroyed with his frown,
And to their foes hee'l give their Crown,
Then let me Lord my ſelfe ſubmit
To what thy wiſdom ſeeth fit.
Sith no authority can be,
But what appointed is by thee.

My

My Manſion.

Liꝛe for, doe you not care,
She lives in heaven, free from earths feare,
er 'bidings in thoſe regions be,
er converſe with the Deity.

Mans unkindneſſe my Benefit.

LOrd, what a courteſie doth man to me,
When he's unkind, he drives me ſtraight to thee.
Where I my deer ſweet Prince, do ever finde
Carefull for me, contenting, pleaſing, kinde.
Then let them be, as liketh them to me,
Ile not complain, ſith I can come to thee,
Who art my joy, my love, my crown, my peace,
In whom my joys abound, and ſtill increaſe.

My Second Part.

I Did withdraw me from the ſtage
Of this vain world, in my beſt age.
Thinking for heaven thou hadſt bedreſt,
So I retired for my reſt.
But thou a Prophet hadſt me made
Unto my ſelfe when I had ſaid.
Another part I here muſt play,
Before I went from hence away.
A wife thou choo'ſt out for my part,
Which I miſliked in my heart;
And thought wedded to none to bee
Great Prince of Heaven and earth but thee.
But thou that hadſt ordain'd that part,
Foundſt out a means to turne my heart:

Becauſe,

Becauſe my Lord, thou'lt have me ſee
We happy in that life may be,
But then on thee, we muſt depend,
For thou alone that bliſſe canſt ſend.
For ſhould our Husbands love fixt be
Upon ſome others, not on thee.
Heavens Prince will never thee forſake,
But ſtill his darling will thee make.
And ſhould hee of thee careleſſe bee,
Heavens Prince, he will more carefull bee.
He from the earth wil raiſe thy heart,
That thou content maiſt act that part.

The Reſurrection.

WHy ſhould I be afraid to dye,
Or let my body in earth lye.
In that ſafe bed I'me laid to ſleep,
When others in their cloſets weep.

It is to me a quiet night,
And next day brings the wiſhed light,
That makes for me eternall day,
My body there feels no decay.

And when I waken, I ſhall finde
All things well pleaſing to my minde.
Youth, beauty, ſpirit, now preſent
Themſelves for that days Ornament.

With Robes more bright then are the beams,
That from her pleaſing Sun here ſtreams,
Decay they ſay they never will,
For they were made with exact skill,

To

To adorne the bodies that aſcend,
And on the Deity attend,
How ſhall I ſee my Princely peer,
That I on earth did hold ſo deer.

And with him ſtill converſe ſhall I,
Who would not now let their ſoul fly,
Being there's no fear of decay,
Fools that think death a diſmall day.

Fearfull Uncertainty.

OH you that know not when you dye,
Whither your Souls to heaven ſhall fly,
Or wander, in the diſmall ſhade,
No wonder though you be afraid.

Would you not wear black helliſh weeds?
Avoid then, wicked ſinfull deeds.
Do actions that are juſt and right,
If you would live in heavenly light.

Do you think peace you can enjoy,
That others with your deeds annoy?
No! what you unto others doe
Aſſure your ſelves, ſhall fall on you.

And if good councell, now you ſlight
Look in Hells mouth, and be affright.
Avoid betimes, that helliſh fume,
Which all your pleaſures will conſume.

To Generall Cromwell.

THe Sword of God doth ever well
I'th hand of vertue! O Cromwel,
But why doe I, complain of thee?
'Cauſe thou'rt the rod that ſcourgeth mee?
But if a good child I will bee,
I'le kiſs the Rod, and honour thee;
And if thou'rt vertuous as 'tis ſed,
Thou'lt have the glory when thou'rt dead.

Sith Kings and Princes ſcourged be,
Whip thou the Lawyer from his fee
That is ſo great, when nought they doe,
And we are put off from our due.
But they for their excuſe do ſay,
'Tis from the Law is our delay.
By Tyrants heads thoſe laws were made,
As by the learned it is ſaid.
If then from Tyrants you'l us free,
Free us from their Laws Tyranny.
If not! wee'l ſay the head is pale,
But ſtill the ſting lives in the tail.

To a Lady that bragg'd of her Children.

IF thou haſt cauſe to joy in thine,
I have cauſe too to joy of mine.
Thine did proceed from ſinfull race,
Mine from the heavenly dew of grace.

Thine

Thine at their birth did pain thee bring,
When mine are borne, I ſet and ſing.
Thine doth delight in nought but ſin,
My Babes work is, to praiſe heav'ns King.
Thine bring both ſorrow, pain and fear,
Mine baniſh from me dreadfull care.

The Conqueſt.

GOd made on earth a paradice at firſt,
For man, but he by ſin betrayd his truſt.
But heavens great Prince who came to conquer ſin,
For me won Heaven and Paradiſe againe.

Queſtions and Anſwers.

Qu. LOrd! *why have I ſo much from thee?*
An. Th'art child to me.
Qu. *But why on earth have I ſuch ſtore?*
An. In Heav'n is more.
Qu. *Lord I have more then I doe need?*
An. The poor then feed.

Then ſith I'me thine,
I'le be divine,
And what I've more.
I'le give the poor.

To a Friend for her Naked Breasts.

MAdam I praise you, 'cause you'r free,
And you doe not conceal from me
What hidden in your heart doth lye,
If I can it through your breasts spy.

Some Ladies will not show their breasts,
For feare men think they are undrest,
Or by't their hearts they should discover,
They do't to tempt some wanton Lover.

They are afraid tempters to be,
Because a Curse impos'd they see,
Upon the tempter that was first,
By an all-seeing God that's just.

But though I praise you have a care
Of that al-seeing eye, and feare,
Lest he through your bare brests see sin,
And punish you for what's within.

Safety.

MY gracious God be not my foe,
It matters not if man be so.
And let my wayes great God please thee,
Then from all foes I shall be free.

What

What Kingdome to be wiſht.

WHoſe Kingdome can I wiſh but thine,
Who mak'ſt hell, Heaven and me divine.

hat Kingdome ought I wiſh to be,
t where all thine ſhall reign with thee.

l thoughts of Kingdoms I will baniſh,
t of thy Kingdome will not vaniſh.

No Kingdome muſt I wiſh,
But Heav'ns great Prince of glory,
Which if I be divine,
Will be mine onely ſtory.

rthly bleſſings doe me ſurround,
ith heavenly bleſſings I am crown'd.
n earth I live free from all care.
ecauſe heavens King I love and feare.

Comfort in Temptations and Afflictions.

COme Chriſtians that ſo mazed bee
At earths events, O come and ſee
What cauſe there is for your diſmay,
When God takes care for you each day.

Th'Apoſtle

Th'Apoſtle bids us then to joy,
When as temptations us annoy.
And heavens great Prince ſed unto you
Before, he bid the earth adieu.
Let not your hearts here troubled be,
For if you do beleeve on me,
In heav'n a Palace there is for you,
Fear not, in me, it is your due.
I'ſt priſon that doth you afright?
In dungeon deep hee'l be your light.
I'ſt war whoſe fear you do pretend?
The Lord of Hoſt can you defend.
I'ſt ſicknes that doth cauſe your dread?
He eaſie can make your ſick bed.
Unleſs by theſe he will you take
Into his glory, and there make
You to behold thoſe Viſions fair,
Will raviſh you from all your care.
Then ſith heav'ns King can ſafe you keep,
There is no cauſe for you to weep.
You ſhall not enter to his reſt,
If you by doubting him moleſt.

On going to the Sacrament.

I To the world Lord will let know,
That I deſire thy death to ſhow;
By going to ſome publick place,
And take the pledges of thy grace.
And when I take the bread, then I
Will ſay, my Lord did for me dye.
And thus Ile doe great God for thee,
For thou haſt done much more for mee;
And when I drinke the wine Ile tell
Thy blood redeem'd my ſoul from hell;

nd then Ile offer up to thee
that thou sweet Prince! requirest of me.
lone but the Sacrifice of praise
oft thou require now adayes,
nd that I should remember thee,
hen as these things are done by mee.

My Prayer in my Youth.

MY Lord, whose mercies to me are unspeakable; Who in thy works art great and powerfull, wholly bend mine affection on that which is certain, and not subject to varibility; to that which no finister mishap can alter; Oh, let not my Soul which thou hast made to be fed with heavenly Manna (which still will last) here seek to be satisfied with vain delights, which soon will vanish. Banish from me the Thoughts of vaine delights, and make me know that they must end. And for those infinite blessings which thou hast deigned to bestow upon me, make me for ever to admire thee, and from my heart send up the sweet incense of thanks and praise for thy heavenly benefits bestowed on me thine unworthy servant.

The Temptation.

MY Soul! Wouldst thou finde favour with the Lord, be not then afraid to goe to him; Let not the feare of thy former past sins, nor of thy continuall weakness be an occasion to hinder thee of thy happiness; but let the assurance of the pardon of thy sins, and the certainty of the promise to strengthen thy weakness, animate thee to goe confidently to the throne of grace. There do not imagine that thou seest thy sins stand as

a thick cloud to keep thy prayers from ascending to the presence of thy God, nor think that through that dark cloud thou seem'st unseemly in the eyes of thy loving father; be not thou ignorant that the bright beames of his gracious favour, hath dispersed those clouds of thy sins, never to be gathered again together, before his pure eyes. Know thou, that he will not let such fearfull sights, and sad appearances, to stand in his presence, to affright his dear chosen children; No my Soul! such sights are not there; he that cals thee hath removed from thee all those things which should hinder thy passage to him; or disturbe thy quiet appearance, before him. He cals thee, and bids thee be confident in his presence; He assured thee by his word that thou shalt finde his spirit strengthning thy weakness, and inabling thee to performe that which thou thoughtest impossible for thee to overcome.

My Soul! he hath brought thee from thy straying errours, he hath inabled thee to overcome the manifold temptations of thy suttle enemy, when he would have made thee to have thought there was no God, then thy God manifested himself to thee, when he would have had thee taken pleasure in the vaine delights of this wicked world, then thy dear father having a watchfull eye, and a carefull minde over thee, sent a heavy dulnes into all the powers of thy soul & body, inforcing thee as it were to leave those earthly vanishes, because neither soul nor body could take delight in those things, which others call pleasures. by reason of thy exceeding heavy dulness. Then dost thou my soul, think that a most severe punishment on thee from thy father, when thou sawest others injoy the blessings of thy God with great contentment: Then in the height of this distemper wert thou my soul almost brought to the pit of despair. When as the enemy pictur'd before the eyes of thy soul, the sad appearance of the anger of thy God, and still he per-

erſiſting in his pernicious temptations, bid thee leave his ſervice, telling thee it was to no purpoſe to be ſo carefull to ſerve him, for thy prayers were not heard, thy teares not regarded, thy heavineſs not removed; and if Gods word be true, he hears all that cals upon him, and removeth from them their griefs. Thus ſubtly felt my enemy with me, thinking to have intrapt me in his hidden nets of moſt pernicious temptations. Firſt, making me to think my God was angry, then that he heard not my prayers, and that his word was falſe: thus by conſequence faine would he have made me to have doubted of thy being, O my eternall and ever-being Father. By theſe ſnares would he have bereft me of the hope I had in thy word, by which I was brought to know thee. Thy creatures teach us (I acknowledge O Lord) to know that there is a God, but they cannot teach us to know how to come to this God, or how to finde comfort in thee our God; 'tis onely thy word can declare to us what thou art, and thy ſpirit it is that muſt aſſure us, that this word is thine: It was thy ſelfe O Lord, who art able to performe what thou haſt decreed, that haſt brought this flinty heart of mine to the knowledge of thee. My Lord, I muſt needs confeſs thy powerfull working in framing this heart of mine to the belief of thy word, and thee; for before thy ſpirit mollified this heart of mine, thy word was to it like water gliding over the hardeſt marble, no whit entring or piercing the ſame.

My gracious Lord, thy divine Majeſty in all the changes and chances of my life, hath had a moſt peculiar care of me, for now haſt thou taught me to know, that thoſe temptations, and thoſe perplexities, in which my ſoul was in, have been all diſpoſed for the good and happineſs of my Soul. Now thou makeſt me to know that thy word is true, and that our grief doth work for our good: for though our temptations be never ſo

great, thou canſt and wilt deliver thy children.

It was thy Majeſty that kept me from doubting of thy being; it was thy fatherly goodnes that ſtupified the powers of my Soul and Body with that heavy dulneſs, not becauſe thou wouldeſt puniſh me for my ſins, no! thou didſt teach me to know, that my gracious Saviour had already indur'd the puniſhment that my ſins deſerv'd; My Lord, thy Majeſty did not lay that dejection on me proceeding from thy juſtice, but thy mercy. For my God! I muſt confeſs to thee, that which thou then didſt know, for then I did love the world, more then I loved thee, and becauſe thou wouldſt have me love the pleaſure that ſhould never end; thou madſt me to take no pleaſure in theſe delights, which never end but in ſorrow. That heavineſs was then a bitter pill to purge my Soul from the groſſe humours of earthly love, that afterwards ſhe may be made more fit and apt to receive the ſweet bliſſe of thine everlaſting love. This thy love to me kept me from falling into the miſerable pit of deſpaire; thy loving kindneſſe it was that moved thee to let that word of comfort with which thou ſuſtaineſt thy ſervant St. *Paul*, ſound ever in my ears, That thy grace ſhould be ſufficient for me without which grace of thine, I not having ſufficient ſtrength of my ſelf, ſhould have fallen into the gulf of everlaſting miſery. Thy love likewiſe kept me conſtant to thee and thy ſervice, & kept me from doing or ſaying that in my diſpairing thoughts, that had not been fit for thy ſervant to doe or utter. Thy unwearied love and great wiſdome it was that ſent thoſe tryals and temptations to me in my youth, that thou mighteſt ſanctifie my youth to thy ſervice, and make me careleſſe of thoſe pleaſures, that my young years were too much addicted to.

For if thy Majeſty had ſuffered me to have run on, to have taken pleaſure in thoſe vanities, till I had been in-

wrapt

rapt in them, and had set my whole delight in those vanishing pleasures. Then had it been more hard and grievous to me to have left them; But thou, O my Lord, didst deal more graciously with me; for before I knew what pleasures meant, thou took'st from me the love of pleasure, for which great mercy of thine, I render thee most hearty thanks.

My Lord! When I consider of these thine infinite mercies, I cannot chuse but admire thy goodness, and admiring, say unto thy heavenly Majesty. O Lord, what am I that thou shouldest have such a peculiar care of me; I am not worthy to be in thy thoughts, much more unworthy to be belov'd of thee; yet it doth evidently appear that thou dost love me, in that thou tak'st off from me the love of the world; for my Lord unless thou lovest me, thou wouldest not have cared for my love, and I know that it was in love that thou weanedst me from the world, because that I should love thee alone, and not the world.

The Angels Joy.

YOu blessed Angels, by my Father are we honoured to have you for our attendance. Sure your lovely faces could not but look sad when my Saviour suffered: for methinks it was a sad sight to behold, your loving Lord hang tormented on a cursed tree, and for those too, whose sins caused his torment; and then for you to hear him cry out in the bitterness of his Soul, *My God, my God, Why hast thou forsaken mee?* Methinks it should have so incens'd your wrath against us poor mortall creatures, that you should have petitioned to your All-powerfull Lord, that all humane flesh should have

ſuffered endleſſe torment, ſeeing they had ſo juſtly deſerved it, rather then your righteous Lord ſhould have dyed.

But whether my Soul; in the deep conſideration of the undeſerved ſuffering of thy righteous Saviour doſt thou run? Shall the Angels which are our attendants be grieved at our happineſſe? My Soul, wrong not thoſe bleſſed ſpirits with ſuch vain thoughts; for God was not pleaſed, nor his wrath appeaſed towards us till that time: Oh ſad time, yet pleaſant time, the time of thy moſt gracious dying: Sad, in reſpect of thy torments, O bleſſed Saviour; yet pleaſant in reſpect of the unexpreſſable liberty, and endleſs happineſs, which by thy powerfull dying we obtain'd.

Oh Bleſſed Spirits, I cannot now thinke, that you were diſpleas'd with us, for your nature doth ſo concur with his will, that it cannot be oppoſite to it.

But yet God was angry; yea, to the very apprehenſion of his onely Son, What elſe made him cry out ſo grievouſly, *My God, Why haſt thou forſaken me?* God was angry then with his Son, for us; you had reaſon then of grief for him, not anger towards him: but yet ſure to ſee him angry with his Son, and to ſee his onely Son ſo grievouſly tormented, you could not but be mov'd, what then muſt move you? ſure it could be nothing, but our ſins for which he ſuffered.

Oh you heavenly Spirits. I finde you rejoycing, when we had our Saviour born, and ſure you could not but rejoyce, when the worke of our ſalvation was finiſhed, your joy was then intermingled with your ſorrow, if you be capable of ſorrow, for you could not but ſorrow, to ſee your God ſo grievouſly to ſuffer; you could not but rejoyce, to ſee that they on whom you attended, ſhould be ſo happy, that by his death they ſhould be admitted to injoy eternall life.

If you joy at our repentance, ſure your joy at our for-

rgiveneſſe, and then was the time of our forgiveneſſe me, when he willingly yeelded up his life, that we ight live eternally, then was our debts paid, when as y now glorified body, Oh Son of glory, was debar'd the heavenly appearance, of thine eternall God-ead.

Yee bleſſed Angels, yee joyed in your ſorrow, and ot we, but our ſins were hatefull to you, which were e cauſe of his moſt grievous ſuffering.

More bitter then grim death could be,
My ſin, my Lord was unto thee,
Becauſe I finn'd my Lord did dye,
Becauſe he dy'd, hate ſin will I.

On Earthly Love.

FRom thee, O Heaven of glorie flowes that celeſtiall ſtream, that being taken hath power to make us forgetfull of our earthly love, the which muſt vaniſh, and alone can ſet us free from thoſe tormenting paſſions.

Thou ſweet ſtream, having cur'd us of thoſe diſtempered paſſions, haſt then the power to work in our hearts a more peaceable and durable affection: earthly affection, ever brings diſtemper, ſometimes diſtraction; but that ſweet love, which thou O pearly fountain, miſeſt in our breaſt, flameth in our hearts, peace, reſt, joy, and it worketh a perpetuall aſſurance of ſtill injoying what we love, wiſh, or can in heart deſire.

My Lord! My ſoule is raviſht with the contemplation of thy heavenly love; and I cannot chuſe but infinitely admire thy mercies to me thine unworthy ſervant;

vine; for grievous were the perturbations which I was subject to, when I was infected with the poison-bane of earthly affections, the which a time thou wert pleas'd to let reigne and tyrannize in my breſt, which like a thorne in the fleſh, not being drawne out, by the hand of art, lies throbbing and working torment, not onely to the place where it hath taken up its abode, but brings distemper to the whole body: So that unruly passion having taken up his place in my heart, did not onely tyrannize there, but wrought destraction in my Soul, and bred distemper in my body; But blessed be thy Majestie for that distemper, for in that time of my weakne, thou Oh all-powerfull hand, by thy most heavenly art, didst draw from my heart that tormenting passion, and by the addition of thy heavenly love, which thou didst leave in the room thereof; thou repairedst in me the breaches that that unrulie passion had made.

When I was sick I thought that I should dye,
I did mistake, 'twas earthly love, not I.

HOSEA 2. 19.

My Contract.

MY Lord! Doth not thy Majestie send thy messages of love and favour, to those that will take hold of them, and beleeve there shall be a performance of what is promis'd, Thy Word tels us, *That they that beleeve in thee shall have eternall life:* My Lord, I do beleeve it, and that this Message, sent by thy royal Embassador, belongs

longs to mee, afwell as to any other; [I will marry thee to mee for ever.] Thou art righteous and wilt perform it; who would now refuse so great, and so good a King? I disdain not marriage, I desire it with this great Prince, who is the Prince of Kings, and at whose foot-stool they must one day lay down all their Crowns, and bring in all their riches at his command: The greatest of them must confess they hold their Scepters of him, and to him they must doe service, at his will. This is a Prince of such exact perfection, that I cannot see any thing in him any way to be dislik't. When I consider any creature, I can finde in it but little to be belov'd, but a great deal of inconvenience with it, to be dislik't; why then should I set my minde on the creature of so little worth? and not wholly have my minde intent on the Creator, who alone is excellent. Most mighty Prince, I must confess my self unworthy to be the least servant in the Court of so magnificent a King; much lesse to be one who shall have the honour to be marryed to thee: but because I doe thinke my selfe unworthy of thee, shall I be such a fool to refuse so great a fortune? No, I will not. My Lord! I now challenge thy promise, for I doe think thou hast prepared me a minde for thy selfe, for thou madst me long since to be ambitious of perfection, but when I saw it was not to bee obtain'd in this world, how slightly did I esteem of all things in it? thou having prepared my mind for thy self, by the dislike of all imperfect creatures, and the love of perfection, Thou madst me to see a clear perfection in thy self, and wroughst in me a love to thee; and because I dare not presume to the thoughts of possessing thee, thou seeing my desires, sent that comfortable message to me, and to all that doe sincerely love thee, that thou wil receive us to thy selfe, and wilt marry us to thee for ever.

I being wedded to Heavens King,
As his blest Spouse must his praise sing.

The

The Soules Agitation.

MY great and glorious God! In what a ſtrange agitation is my Soul, being aſſail'd by two contrary conſiderations; the one of my heavenly bliſs, in which thou didſt at firſt make me, and to which thou haſt and wilt, in the fulneſs of time againe reſtore me; the other of the ſordid and vile condition, in which I had by my rebellion inwrapt my ſelfe. The thoughts of the firſt fils me with a ſweet contenting joy; the conſideration of the other with a hateſull deteſtation of my ſelfe; for when I record in my minde, how thou at the firſt mad'ſt me a creature of a rare compoſition, one part of thine owne divine ſpirit, the other of earth purified, by thy heavenly art, and built up fit for a Temple for thy divine greatneſſe to inhabite; theſe thoughts fill me with a pleaſing contentment. But when the conſideration of my vile condition, in which by my too much yeelding to pleaſe my earthly companion, comes into my minde, I then hate my ſelfe, for I have thereby made my ſelf ſubject to all painfull diſeaſes, yea, to mortality, by my intemperance; for how juſtly might I have pleas'd my ſelfe in the lawfull and temperate uſe of all thy other creatures; and could not a whole world of pleaſures content us, but we muſt take that one forbidden? My God! I am to my ſelfe, a hateſull creature, how much more muſt I needs be to thee, whoſe eyes can behold no impurity? but my dear Father look not now on me as I have cloath'd my ſelf, but look on me as new arrai'd by thy bleſſed Son, the King of Saints.

And to ſettle the diſturbed motion of my mind, ſend downe

downe a beam from thy glorious divinity, that might so inlighten the eyes of my Soul, that I might now behold my selfe, as cloathed with thy self, for thou wert pleas'd to cloath thy divine nature with my mortality; that my mortall nature might be made immortall, by being joyned to thy divinity. My great God! these thoughts will not onely take off my hatred from my self, but I fear, if it be possible, make me too much love and admire my selfe: but it cannot be; for that bright beame from thee, makes me see my selfe, not but in thee, and with these thoughts hast thou so rais'd my Soul beyond what it was, that I see my self cloath'd with the bright white robes of thy pure innocence; for thou knowest no sin. I now look on my selfe as sacred, and on this flesh as immortall, onely because it hath sported it selfe with sin, after thou hadst made it purer then the common earth; therefore in the earth must it be laid again to be purified till it be fit to be new built up a glorious structure for her divine companion: Then wilt thou take us both up into thy glorious habitation, where we shall not be capable of doing any thing that shall any more cause us to part from our selves or thee.

I once immortall was Lord! made by thee,
I that bliss lost; But I againe it see.
Restor'd with more, great Prince of Saints to me.

The Contempt of the World.

MY Gracious God! Doe I offend thee, if I contemn the world? I finde thy blest Apostle counting all but

but dung in respect of the knowledge of thee; then by his example I hope I offend thee not; but yet, when I consider it is thy workman-ship, which is most excellent, and thou hast given it to the sons of men, I cannot but call my thoughts in question with some suspition of fear of offending thee; for my dear God! I confess, that what I see most desired by people, for themselves or for others, is to me most displeasing and distastefull. My powerfull God! if I doe not offend thee in it, still keep me in this minde; if I doe, root out (as it is my daily prayer) this contempt, and all things else that within me displeaseth the pure eyes of thy divine Majesty.

My Lord! Somewhat to clear my selfe to the world, that I doe not offend in this point (for thou knowest my heart) I doe not contemn any thing in it, as thinking meanly of it, as thou hadst made it; My great God! thou madest all things good at the beginning, but since the making of them, the perfection of all things is much changed. Our sins altered the purity of all things in the world; then as it is made sordid, by our sins, I distaste those odde things I see pleasing to the most.

But my Lord! This may draw me into another inconvenience, and make some thinke, I thinke better of my selfe then of others, for distasting those things sullyed with sin; But I know thou wilt answer for me, that I confess to thee that by nature I am sinfull, addicted to love those things soyled by our sins; so that it doth not make me think well of my self, but it makes me love and admire thee the more; when I see thy abundant mercy to me, in giving me a minde, so contrary to the most; for I doubt not but thou hast made many in the world as happy as thou hast made me, in giving them such a minde; For my deare Father! What do they atchieve when they attaine that here which they desire, a few conveniences, accompanied with ten thousand troubles,

fears,

ears, and distastefull cares; for I have often heard some express, how happy they should be but for such and such inconveniences, when I having food and raiment sufficient, and possesse a heaven of felicity in thee, am happy without a *But*.

The Royal Gods.

MY Lord! With what a Title hast thou honored the Kings of the earth: *I have said yee are Gods; and the Children of the most high.* Thou hast given them that Title their desires pretended too, to be Gods, and to be of their race, they that knew not thee, my great God! nor from what true immortall race they sprung; yet would have the world think them to be of divine linage, and themselves to be gods. And shall not wee, who know from whom and by whom Kings reigne, think our Princes to be as they are stil'd by that great King, who set them to reigne for him? God forbid, but that we should so think of them, and they of themselves. He is the great God of the world, and hath set them as lesser Gods under him, to governe and protect that people over which he hath plac'st them. The people must then honor their King, as a God under him, not observe or adore him above him; and hee must esteem himselfe as a God too; if he be of that great immortall race he will not degenerate, but will be like to him: He will be like a fiery pillar in the night of ignorance and darknesse, to direct them which way they shall walk; and as a cloud in the day of persecution, to keep them from the pursuing adversary: he will my God with thee hide them under his wings, and they shall be safe under his protection: hee will be just too; punishing those who seek the destruc-

tion

ction of thine and his people. His bowels of mercy will be extended, and he will not punish according to their deserts; and rather then destruction shall shall come to thine and their people, they will follow the example of that renowned Prince, thy first-born Son, they will with him a while leave their glory, and take up with him an humble deportment, and cry with him, *Thy will be done not mine*: They thus imitating thee, their great patterne, shall be blessed by thee with eternall renown, and crowned by thee in immortal glory: bnt first thou hast said, *They must dye like men.*

The Rule.

MY Lord! What an infallible rule hast thou left us, to know, whether we be thine or no; for if the preaching of the Gospel of our blessed Saviour *Jesus Christ*, be to us fooliſhneſſe, and as a thing we delight not in, we may justly feare we are to perish: but if it be esteem'd by us the power and excellent wisdom of God, which delights our hearts; we may be confident we shall be sav'd; for the preaching of the Gospel is to them that perish fooliſhneſſe, but to us that are saved it is the power of God, 1 *Cor.* 1.18.

PSALME 119. 165.

The Soules Peace.

MY great God! how often dost thon make us to see, and by experience to know the truth of thy most sacred

cred Word, 'tis great peace indeed, that they poſſeſſe who love thy law; thou keepeſt them in ſuch ſecure and pleaſant pavillions, that nothing ſhall offend them, they muſt ſpeak to thy praiſe, whom thou haſt bleſt, and if I have been thought too mean to ſpeake in the praiſe of an earthly King; My God, I cannot but confeſs my ſelf too mean, too ignorant to ſpeak off, and in the praiſe of the Majeſty of Heaven.

But Oh thou greateſt and higheſt Ruler of all the Great on earth, under whoſe feet lye all their crownes of Majeſty: Thou haſt told us thou art no reſpector of perſons, but thou acceppteſt of the prayers and praiſes of thy meaneſt creatures. Then muſt my Soul ſpeak to the praiſe of thy Sacred Majeſty, for the peace that thou haſt given mee, ſince the time that thou haſt taught mee to love thy Law; thou haſt made me to delight in the multitude of peace, thou haſt given me peace in thee, thy bleſſed Son ſet me at peace with thee, and I have ſuch a peace in thee, that all the oppſition of the world cannot take from me. I am at peace with thy ſervants, I am ſure they will not hurt me; I am at peace with thy creatures, for thou haſt made the ſtones, and beaſts af the field to be at league with them that feare thy name; I paſſe by thy creatures, and thorow them without fear, for they are at peace with me.

But canſt thou my Soul ſay, thou thus poſſeſſeſt a happy peace withall No, I cannot: for then they that have ſought to diſturbe my peace, by their odd untruths, will tell me, I ſaid not true; for I have ſeen and felt their Arrows of uncivill war ſtrike againſt my heart: But my God thou haſt ſo ſtrongly arm'd it, that their arrows have recoyl'd back, and not pierc'd my heart: How can I chuſe then moſt bleſſed and ſweet finger of *Iſrael* but ſpeak in thy own words;

Great

Great peace and rest shall all such have
As doe thy Statutes Love,
No danger shall their quiet state,
Impaire or once remove.

The Support.

MY Lord! When in my young years, the consideration of thy infinite mercies, had penetrated my heart. I confess there was with it, an earnest desire in me to doe or suffer something, wherehy I might manifest my love to thy Majesty, for those great unexpressable favours that thou hast deigned to bestow on me thy unworthy servant. But then had I no other thoughts in me, but that if the contrary Religion (which then too much abounded) had prevail'd, I then might have offered up my life in flames, with devotion to manifest my love to thee: But now thou hast turn'd the tide, and art pleas'd to suffer two great powers to rise, both professing to maintain the truth of our Religion, so that now thou hast taken off my thoughts for suffering so for thy sake, but thou hast put me on another: My Lord I will not say worse for me: for whatsoever is done by thee, with me or by me: I am confident, it is the best and fittest for me, though death to some spirits be easier to bear then reproachfull speeches: And I confesse with impatience heretofore did my unruly Spirit detest reproachfull words, and thought a religious death far better: For my Lord, thou knowest what reproaches and slanderous speeches they are subject to, that professe thy name, or declare thy mercies to them.

But let them now speak, and in their speech, declare their

their little love to thee my Lord, and their malice and ſpite to thy children, thou ſhalt ſet my ſpirit beyond the reach of their contempt, where with a holy contempt with thee, I ſhall laugh ſuch fools to ſcorne. And now I dare not ſay, I am an ignorant woman, and unfit to write, for if thou wilt declare thy goodneſs, and thy mercy by weak and contemptible means, who can reſiſt thy will. My gracious God, I will be now ſo farre from being unwilling to doe it, that I will not reſt till I have done it, for in all ages thou wilt not leave thy ſelfe without a witneſſe of thy mercy and goodneſſe to thy children, and therefore I will ſend out my words to ſpeak thy praiſe, and as thou haſt made them comfort to ſome troubled mindes, ſo I wiſh they may be to more, when they ſhall ſee the truth of thy merciſull dealing with me, and how thou haſt made me ſo happy in this world, as my heart can wiſh; for thou haſt given me my hearts deſire, and haſt fulfil'd the requeſt of my lipps; for there is not that thing in the world that I can deſire more, then what thou haſt given to me. For long ſince, my Lord, when thou hadſt given me ſence to ſee, that no earthly thing though never ſo excellent or pleaſing could give us a perfect contentment, then made I my prayer to thy divine Majeſty, that thou wouldſt be pleaſed to give me that which the world could not give; and though I confeſſe I did then think it was unpoſſible ever to poſſeſſe a true content in this world, yet my dear Father, I muſt now aske thee pardon for thoſe miſdoubting thoughts; for I have ſeen thou canſt give us a joy, and a true content, beyond the expreſſion of our ſouls, in this world; for when we poſſeſſe thee with, and in thy creatures, we injoy a felicity that fils our hearts with an unexſpreſſable delight; My Lord! when thou art pleaſed to manifeſt thy ſelfe unto our ſouls, thou bringeſt all that can be deſired. Death that to ſome natures, the mention of it is bitter;

to thine, thou mak'ſt it a pleaſing companion, and with paine thou makeſt them pleas'd and happy, and for the bitter ſpeeches of the world, which thy children muſt heare, thou mak'ſt us to forget or contemne them.

I muſt confeſſe to thy honour, my great King, that thou makeſt me not to remember the bitterneſſe of this life, thou anſwering me with ſuch joyes in my heart, and thus wilt thou at length, my gracious God, bleſſe all thy children that with an upright minde, and a ſincere heart, doe earneſtly ſeek their happineſſe alone in thee, and not from the world.

PSALME 85. 10.

The Perfume.

IN thee moſt bleſſed Prince, are thoſe two excellent ingredients mix'd, which yeeld ſo ſweet a ſent to the world, that no corrupted aire of our unſavoury enemy is able to diſperſe. Thy moſt bleſſed body, the ſweeteſt and trueſt perfume that ever proceeded out of the earth, was joyn'd with the odoriferous ſcent of righteouſneſſe from heaven. Bleſſed *Ioſeph*, knew thy perfect body needed no imbalming; That pure Balſam that came from heaven at the beginning, kept thy precious body from corruption.

On the croſſe was all that that was to be ſuffered in the body, finiſhed, God would not ſuffer his holy one to ſee corruption; truth made haſt, and ſprung the third day from the earth, and righteouſneſs ſhewed her ſelfe from heaven; in thee met mercy and truth, righteouſneſſe and peace there kiſſed each other. Now are they

they in thee conjoyn'd never againe to be separated. 'Tis not for ignorant man, seeing thou hast not reveal'd it, to examine what thou didd'st with thy precious soul, when thy body was in the grave. My Lord! I will not search into those secrets, kept in thine owne Cabinet: Thou hast reveal'd enough to confirme my faith, and to make me happy. Thou hast told me, That righteousnesse looked downe from heaven; I will not expect thy coming from any other place.

The Acknowledgement.

MY Omnipotent God, faine would I say something to thee, but I am afraid. But shall my womanish fear make thee loose thy glory; My God it must not! Thy glory must so dazle mine eyes, that I must not regard the censure of the world.

And if thou, O all-seeing eye! seest ought of my selfe, in what I write or say, restraine my hand from writing, and my tongue from speaking; but if thy glory be the intention of my heart, let not my hand and tongue be asham'd to confesse that I cannot but see those infinite blessings that thou hast bestowed on me, which thou hast not as yet bestowed on all. My Lord! I were a fool if I did not see them; I were a beast if I did not acknowledge them; but thou hast taught me to know the onely true God, and *Iesus Christ* whom thou hast sent into the world, to take away my sins; this wisdome given me by thee, inlightens mine eyes to see thy blessings, and that I must not be like a beast which receives many favours from thee, without acknowledgment; Then with infinite thankes I doe acknowledge to thy glory, thou hast inriched me with a multitude of thy blessings.

And that I may know, that whatſoever is in me tending to good, is from thee: there are times that I cannot ſee any thing that hath any appearance of good in me; for when, by thy mercies, I lay me down in peace to take my reſt, being happy in the conſideration of thy infinite mercies, and full of thy goodnes; yet in my ſleep I finde my thoughts buſied in nothing but a multitude of confuſed follies, and vaine imaginations, which plainly repreſent to me my naturall condition; that by nature I cannot think a good thought; but thou remembring thy mercies in the morning againe, reſtoreſt to me thy gifts and graces in which I was happy the night before; So that thou makeſt me to lye downe in peace, and to riſe with joy, when I ſee that thou doſt each day renue to me thy heavenly gifts, for thou art to me as thou art to all that fear thee, the light of my eyes, the joy of my heart, and a Crowne of glory to my head.

My Lord! ſhall not theſe bleſſings of thine be acknowledged by me, to thy praiſe and glory? for fear the world ſhould ſay, I were proud of them: Moſt people glory in ſomething or other, and thou haſt ſaid, Let them that glory, glory in the Lord. My God! thou haſt heard my prayer, that I leanrt of thy ſervant, that thou wouldſt give me a glorying heart, and now thou makeſt me with him to rejoyce in the God of my Salvation. My Lord! experience hath taught me to know, that if I delight in earthly things, thou wilt take them from me; for thou wilt not have thy children delight in any thing more then in thy ſelfe. But if we love thee thou wilt manifeſt thy ſelfe to us, and wilt give us more full poſſeſſion of thy deſired ſelfe. But my beloved Lord, if after the expreſſion of my exceſſive joy, for being thine, I ſhall through the frailty of mine owne nature, and thy ſufferance fall into any great tranſgreſſion, to make thee for a while to withdraw from me, the plea-

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fing and joyfull light of thy countenance. My tender Father, assure me that thou wilt againe restore me to the joy of thy salvation here in this world, or thou wilt in thy mercy take me to a more full possession of thee in the felicity of thy chosen, where I shall perpetually rejoyce with thy children. But to make me carefull of my selfe, let me remember thy warning, *Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.*

The invincible Souldier.

MY Lord, the Lord of Hosts; I being in sweet security under thy banner, cannot but acknowledge with thankes thy mercy to me, for the meanes that brought me to this felicity. Thou art mercifull to me in letting me be borne of Parents, who were listed under thy command, and to be brought up by her that did survive, who knew thy service was perfect freedom. She that was happy in being a Souldier of thine, used her authority by love, to bring her children under the obedience of that Generall, whom she serv'd, and so make me love him in my child-hood, whom her experience had taught to love and admire; inforc'd me to read his Royall story, wherein I might see his victorious conquest, who was never foil'd. There did I see his enemies had all their forces from him, wherewithall they resisted him. His wisdome, his power, his valour, stole into my heart a little desire to follow him. But when I came to consider what a great Prince I should serve, what impenetrable weapons and armour he had provided for me to defend my self, what rewards he had promis'd to give to all that did overcome; I began to contemn the thoughts of serving any but that victorious Prince of glory. And seeing great God, thou hast bid

bid us take that impenetrable armour. I will not willingly ever goe without it. Then dear Prince bestow on me the Girdle of Truth, and put on me the brest-plate of thy Righteousnes, and let my feet be shod with the Gospel of peace, and let me have the shield of Faith, and set on my head the Helmet of Salvation, and instruct me how to weild the Sword of the Spirit, and when I am so arm'd, I shall not fear the fiery darts of the assailing enemies, Though they be principalities, and powers and rulers of darknes in this world; My Prince whom I serve, is a Ruler of those Rulers, and will assist me: yea the stars shall aid us in their courses against our adversaries. That bright morning star shall arise on our side, to enlighten us, and to dazle and affright our weak-sighted resisters, with his exceeding brightnes. The sweet influence that flows from that over-ruling star shall make us to renew our strength, each houre to maintaine the battail: his gracious aspect will make all his fighting Souldiers victorious Conquerors, and at the length he will take them up into a Triumphant chariot of glory, to raigne with him as Kings in his Kingdome of immortall felicity, where he will place on their head a Crown of eternall glory.

On Eccles. 9. 7.

Goe eat thy bread with joy, &c.

MY Dear Lord! with what a sweet and pleasing object this morning hast thou presented mine eyes, that they may deliver it to my heart, for to my heart, thou art pleas'd to speak it, and if any shall aske if that message was sent to me, I will aver it was, for they who

by

by the hand of faith lay hold on the promiſes of God, are and ſhall be partakers of thoſe promiſes; My hand preſented that object to mine eyes, mine eyes delivered it to my heart, my heart took hold of it by the hand of faith; ſo that I may confidently ſay, It belongs both to Soul and body; And now methinks I hear my God ſaying to me, Go, But ſome may ſay, Goe is a word of ſeparation, and ſo he will ſay to thoſe that ſhall for ever be debar'd of his happy preſence: but yet to me he ſayes, Go, but it is not from him, but with him, to that bleſſed place from which *Adam* fell; and I am ſure it is not from him, but with him; for from him is hell, but here is joy and gladneſſe to my heart, and delicacy of cloathing, and in his preſence is the fulneſſe of joy and at his right hand is life everlaſting. But did I ſay it is to that place from which *Adam* fell; my thoughts then hover'd too neer the earth; it is to heaven my God bids me goe with him; for I muſt eat my bread with joy, and drink my wine with a merry heart, and let my garments be alwayes white, and my head muſt want no odoriferous oyntment, for God accepts thy workes.

My Lord! When I conſider that thoſe words were ſpoken to thoſe whoſe works thou accepteſt: My confidence is ſomewhat ſhaken; whether or no thoſe words were ſpoken to me, for thou art a God of pure eyes, and canſt not behold iniquity. I am a creature unclean, defil'd with originall and actuall ſin. How then canſt thou O God accept my workes, for unclean hands defile what they touch.

But ſtagger not my ſoul, nor doubt; for now to my memory is preſented, that to the houſe of *David* was a fountain ſet open, for ſin, and for uncleanneſſe: Haſt thee thither my ſoul, that thou maiſt be clean, for thou needſt not doubt, but that fountain belongs to thee; for from eternity by election wert thou affianc'd to

him, that was to be the immortall ſon of *David*, and ſo thou being of his linage, the priviledge of that fountain muſt belong to thee: yea my Soule, thou haſt heard himſelfe cry out; If any thirſt let him come to him and drinke, and out of him ſhall flow rivers of living water.

I wil not ſtay, but will haſt and run to thee O bleſſed fountain of life, and I will drinke abundantly of that deſired water, that ſhall make me capable of ſo great a bliſſe, and purge me clean from my actuall and originall pollutions, ſo that my God may accept my works, and I goe with confidence to eat my bread and drinke my wine with a merry heart.

But ſtay my Soul! doſt thou thinke to run to heaven in a full career of felicity and pleaſure; thou canſt not but remember that the ſervants of God, have eaten the bread of affliction, and drunke the wine of aſtoniſhment, and mingled their drinke with their tears; this was their portion heretofore; I confeſſe it was ſo, but I finde in this meſſage at(now) which cals to my minde that there was a time when I could not do ſo; for when I lay polluted in the deformity of my ſins, and had my hands foul with the poiſon of mine iniquities; 'tis no wonder, if then our bread be the bread of affliction, and our wine the wine of aſtoniſhment, and how can we chuſe but mingle our drinke with our tears, when we feed our ſelves with thoſe hands which we have waſht in poiſon? how can we chuſe but thinke that that bread muſt end us here, and carry us from a fearfull life in this world to be tormented in a hideous place of miſery for ever.

O my God! How can they either eat or drink with contentment, who have not firſt ſought out that fountaine wherein they may waſh themſelves clean from that dreadfull poiſon: But my Soul, I have heard thee ſay, thou wouldſt haſt to that pure ſtream, and waſh thee

cleane

cleane from thine iniquities, and thou being clean, maist now goe and poſſeſſe thoſe free liberties.

My Soul, Thou muſt now flee to heaven, and there eat that living bread, and drinke that wine of life, which cannot be taken but with exceſſive joy, ſo that out of them ſhall flow rivers of living waters; ſprings of joy ſhall riſe in thee, and ſtreams of thanks and praiſe ſhall flow from thee, to thy dear God, for his infinite bleſſings; theſe will be to thee rivers of life.

And from heaven my ſoul maiſt thou take thoſe white garments with which thou malſt always be cloath'd, for his garments were white and gliſtering: then aske for thoſe robes of purity that are his, for thou maiſt be ſure thou ſhalt obtaine; and being cloath'd in thoſe garments thou needſt not fear thou ſholdſt ever be found naked or unſeemly dreſt, for thou ſhalt be gloriouſly habited, becauſe God will make thy righteouſnes in him as clear as the light, and thy juſt dealing as the noon day; and now my Soul thou loving and deſiring thoſe garments of righteouſneſſe, needſt not fear that thy head ſhall want any precious ointment; for if thou with and in that great King, loveſt right and hateſt iniquity; God, even thy God will annoint thee with the oyle of gladnes.

And now my Soul, Thou ſeeſt the priviledges that are preſented to thee in this ſpeech: but thou ſaidſt ere-while, it belonged to thy body too; I confeſſe it did, but my thoughts were ſo taken up with the conſideration of the infinite felicity of my Soul, that I had almoſt forgot my body; and truly did not ſhe accord to the action of my Soul, and deſire with her onely to be happy by the priviledges that adhere to her by reaſon of my Soul, I would never ſeek to content her, nor regard any priviledges that belongs to her, but ſhe is an aſſenting companion to my Soul, and an inſtrument to convey the promiſes of God to her, and ſhall here-

after

after be a perfect glorious companion with her in eternall bliſſe, I will now regard the priviledges that belong to her in this meſſage: And though I thought the place from which *Adam* fell too mean for the felicity of my Soul, yet for my body it is a place ſufficiently conſiderable; and ſeeing the benefits that were loſt by the firſt *Adam*, are all, with many more reſtor'd to thee by the ſecond: My body, thou maiſt goe with my Soul and eat thy temporall bread with joy, and drinke thy wine with a merry heart, and thy garments may be pleaſant and delighting, and thy head want no odoriferous ointment, for our bountiful and liberall God, hath given us many creatures for pleaſure and delight, as well as for neceſſity; but 'tis with a reſtraint, our bodies are of *Adams* race, we muſt not touch that which is forbidden; thou maiſt uſe them all with an innocency, not with any finiſter end, or to thinke to make thy ſelfe like a God, by them or with them; but thou maiſt lawfully uſe them all to praiſe thy God, for them and with them.

Thus my body, thou ſeeſt thou art happy with my Soule, and my Soul is happy in thee, and you ſhall be both glorious together in Heaven; and now my heart can wiſh no greater bliſſe on earth, but my tongue muſt ever ſay,

To my Great God all glory bee,

That gives ſuch bleſſings unto me.

Ambition.

Ambition.

MY Lord, I will not sinely desire to pry into thy Cabinet of secrets, to finde out what was the reason, why thou didst cast down those sometime bright Angels in Heaven, now tormenting & tormented spirits in hel; but I have heard that some have thought that it was for having too ambitious and too high desires.

My Lord! Could their desires be rais'd higher then are mine? for I confesse mine reach unto thy Throne; Nothing will now satisfie me, but to be inthron'd with thee in glory. I am grown so confident too, that I aver those high desires in me to be lawfull, and know that for them thou wilt not cast me from thee, but wilt inthrone me with thee,

My Lord! I see 'tis dangerous to doe any thing in thy service without a command, or a message from thee: For I see many things done by thy command, blest with felicity, when without, punisht with misery. I finde no command given them for such desires; but methinkes I hear that blest Apostle of thine, when returned from his heavenly rapture, cals to me, and tels me from thee, that I must seek those things that are above, where Christ sits at the right hand of God, and that my life is hid in Christ with thee: so that now I seeking to attaine my high desires, made lawfull by thy command, am not onely placed on thy Throne, by thee, but I am in thee; and those rebellious Spirits that sought to obtain their ambitious desires, without thy commands, are not onely cast out of thy blessed presence, but also are for ever to be tormented in eternall misery.

Now

after be a perfect glorious companion with her in eternall blisse, I will now regard the priviledges that belong to her in this message: And though I thought the place from which *Adam* fell too mean for the felicity of my Soul, yet for my body it is a place sufficiently considerable; and seeing the benefits that were lost by the first *Adam*, are all, with many more restor'd to thee by the second: My body, thou maist goe with my Soul and eat thy temporall bread with joy, and drinke thy wine with a merry heart, and thy garments may be pleasant and delighting, and thy head want no odoriferous ointment, for our bountiful and liberall God, hath given us many creatures for pleasure and delight, as well as for necessity; but 'tis with a restraint, our bodies are of *Adams* race, we must not touch that which is forbidden; thou maist use them all with an innocency, not with any finister end, or to thinke to make thy selfe like a God, by them or with them; but thou maist lawfully use them all to praise thy God, for them and with them.

Thus my body, thou seest thou art happy with my Soule, and my Soul is happy in thee, and you shall be both glorious together in Heaven; and now my heart can wish no greater blisse on earth, but my tongue must ever say,

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Now

Now on thy Throne thou haſt plac'ſt me,
Great God with thee,
No greater bliſſe can wished be,
My Lord by me.
I now will ſet me downe and reſt
Being ſo high bleſt.

MY God! I will not doe good on earth to ſhine with thee in glory: But becauſe I will ſhine with thee in glory, I will doe good on earth.

Upon Peters denyall.

SAint *Peter*! How well had it been, hadſt thou ſpoke and kept thy word; for why ſhouldſt thou be offended at thy good Maſter; he telling thee that himſelfe ſhould be ſmitten, you ſhould but be ſcattered: Had he told you that you ſhould be ſmitten, and he ſeparated from you, there might have been ſome reaſon, you might have been offended; but when himſelfe was to be ſmitten, and for your ſakes too, to ſecure you from eternall deſtruction; Methinks the offence was taken on the contrary ſide. But if in thy family, it was ſo taken, thou ſtrict Prince of perfection, no wonder if it be ſo in families of looſer libertie, and full of imperfection. I doe not wonder to hear thee ſay, Thou wilt not be offended, but I wonder that thou wert not over-joyed to hear him telling thee, that for all he ſhould ſo ſuffer, yet he would after he was riſen, goe before you into *Galilee*,

alilee. Methinks, I should hear you filling the world
ith songs of thanks-giving, for joy of that Kingdome
hath promised you, from his Father, and for the assu-
nce he gave you of his resurrection; rather then hear
ee denying such a powerfull and loving Master, with
thes. My Lord! Let me, with him, not be ashamed
profesſe thee; but keep me from the shame of de-
ing thee, or if thou maist gain glory by my fall, give
e with him, abundance of teares, and a heart and
ogue to confesſe my fault to thee, and to the world,
at thou and they may see with him, my repentance.

My Redemption acknowledged.

MY Lord! Hast thou spoken it, and shall it not be performed? It is impossible? Thou the Ruler of all the world, hast by thy blessed Prophet, bid, that they which are redeemed by the Lord, declare with praise, how he hath redeemed them from the hand of the oppressor, rather then thy word should not be fulfil'd to thy faithful friend; Thou vvilt raise him children out of the dust of the earth, rather then this command not be performed, thou vvilt raise me who am as one out of the dust to be one of them, that must declare vvith praise, hovv thou hast delivered me from the hands of mine enemies. And though I finde it a thing now adays done but by few; and so by doing it, may make my self a wonder, and ridiculous to the world, and some other womanish reasons, that might detaine me from it; yet I cannot but know thou hast redeemed me, and I must confesſe, it was thou alone, my great God, that hast done it, for it was none but the great God, and Ruler of the world, that could deliver me out of the hands of that great enemy of mine, and of all man kind;

that

that Prince that rules in the aire, who goes about like a roaring Lyon, seeking each minute to devour us: O of the arms and power of that fiery enemy, hast thou unparalel'd Conqueror delivered me, else had I been led captive to his will; For that great deliverance is thine, my Soul shall render thee continuall praise: It was thou, O great Prince of life and death, that triumphed over death, thou only canst deliver me from the feare of death, and make me imbrace it with a Heaven of contentment. It is onely thou my Lord, who alone dost arise to them that fear thy name, with healing in thy wings, canst, and hast cur'd me of, (to man) uncurable diseases. Thou hast cur'd me too of the plague of my own heart.

No Conqueror did Conquer ought,
But o're what Death had power,
Thou Conqueror hast Conquer'd Death,
Which Conquer'd us each houre.

PSALME

Thou hast compast me about with Songs of Deliverance.

BLesſed King! Well maist thou say, Thou shouldst be compast about with Songs of deliverance, when the Lord of Hosts was thy hiding place; with him are no Complainers; in his presence is nothing but joy; those that are under the protection of his pleasant wings, cannot but have their hearts full of excessive joy, which

moves their tongues to sing songs of praises and thanks-giving to their great and powerfull protector for delivering them out of all their troubles; needs must thou be compassed about with Songs of delight, thou couldst not chuse but sing thy Self too, those Songs thou didst teach to thy chief Singers; that they might inclose thee in the sweet aire of delighting praises, and with thee my Soule must desire to sing, when with thee I am so protected.

Saint Stephen.

GOd can make our faces to shine like Angels to daunt our enemies; and he here can make us to see his face to shine in glory, to comfort our Souls: Why then should we fear our fiercest enemies; why then should we not be confident of the aide of our loving and powerfull God.

Thy blessed power is like thy Light,
But our frail fear is like our night.

MY Soul being plac'st on the wings of contemplation, with them raises me to the Regions of felicity.

The foundation and felicity.

MY great God! Thou that hast aided me in laying the foundation of assurance, assist me still now towring in

in the turrets of contentment; and let all know, that they can never with safety ascend the turrets of delighting contentment; if they have not first laid the true foundation of assurance.

Upon the Temptation of the doubting of Heaven.

MY Soul! Though that subtle enemy of thine, and of all men, doe seek to seduce thee, by his insinuating perswasions, to doubt of that unexpressible and immortall felicity of thy Soul and body: yet my Soule, faint not! For if the holy Writ be true, thy felicity is certaine; the which my gracious God I doe most confidently believe, to be the written word of the God of all the world, by whose word and will, I, and this Fabrick were created; though that pernicious enemy, seeks to perswade me that it is a fancy of a studious braine, and writ to keep people in awe to human obedience. And because nothing doth please our Souls, but the thoughts of eternall blisse, nor affright them, but the dread of eternall punishment, therefore have they fained a heaven for reward of the vertuous, and a hell for punishment of the disobedient; and that those felicities, of which I have written, are but fictions of my owne braine, and somewhat like they that invented it, and partly taken out of it.

But my gracious God, keep me, that I fall not by these temptations, but let me know why he is, and hath been so busie in drawing me to doubt of thy being, and of that glorious heaven, which I do notwithstanding his temptations, believe I shall possesse with thee.

My God is it to draw me to a loose liberty of my life, and

and to by disobeying thee, I might live in fear of being cast out of thy favour to eternall punishment? if so! I will tell him, that he may cease his labour: for if that which I beleeve to be the holy word of God, be a fancy of any braine, it is so just and pleasing to my soul, that with all my power and might; I will endeavour to lead my life according to the direction of that exact and royall Law; and so hatefull is any thing to me that is contrary to it, that when thorow my frailty I doe what in it is forbidden, I am hatefull to my selfe, till I am assured that that offence be washed from me, and that something within me assures me, that the breach of that transgression, is pardon'd. This is a strong argument to me against that temptation, and of the divinity and eternity of my Soul; for if my Soul were not to be eternally either happy or miserable, why should the expectation of eternall misery, trouble me, and the assurance of eternall blisse so exceedingly joy me. Tempter goe! Reason and experience teacheth us to see, that likenesse breeds love; our Souls, our minds (for such things there are) can never love nor delight in what is not; but our Souls affect eternall glory, then sure such a thing there is: but be it so, or be it not, such a thing is presented to our consideration, and if I am not to live a life of eteroall blisse hereafter; yet for the happinesse of my present life, I will so neer as I can run in the paths that lead to that heaven, which I so much affect, that I might live with a confident hope that I shall possesse it, for nothing can truely satisfie my Soul, but a heaven of eternity, and with these thoughts I can live on earth in a heaven of felicity.

Tempter! Thou art like to loose thy labour, for I must take up that resolution, not to live a sensuall and vicious life; for if I have no grace, such a life is hatefull to my disposition, and such a life would not I live, were there no God to give blessednesse, or no Devil to

torment. But one thing more I have now to tell thee; I in the Sanctuary of the great God of all the world, presenting my petitions to him, that by something I might be assur'd that thy wicked suggestions to make me doubt of his being, were false, I was directed to consider the glorious Sun, which then shined bright in mine eyes; so that I plainly see, that great God, of whose being thou wouldst have me doubt, doth aid and assist me against thy wicked temptations: for it cannot be but a great God, that can make and governe so glorious and so great a light, the God that made that, made me; that God I did offend in my first parents, and since in my owne person, but to him am reconciled in his first borne Son Jesus Christ, who is God and man, and for his sake shall I possesse a Kindome of felicity here, and at the last a Kingdome of eternall glory.

To him be Glory.

On the Sun-rising.

AS the appearance of the Sun-beams, disperseth the clouds of darkness, which brings sadness to the earth: so let the bright shining beams of thy Spirit, O heavenly Son of light disperse the clouds of darke despairing thoughts and vaine imaginations, the which do darken the brightness of my Soul, and bring sadness to my heart. Let them purifie and raise my minde, that I may still be singing praise, and let me ever say.

To my great God all glory be,
Who makes his light to shine on me.

Heaven

Heaven upon Earth.

O Lord! Though thou wilt not take me from earth to live in Heaven with thee; yet thou coming from heaven to live on earth with me, makes me on earth to live in heaven with thee.

The Temple.

O God! Is my body the Temple of the Holy Ghost? What Palace can there be in this small Fabrick, fit to entertaine so great a Prince; yet thou hast said, If any love thee, thy Father will love them, and thou, and he, and thy holy spirit, which cannot be separated from thee, will come and make thy abode with him. My Lord and King! thou knowest I love thee, for long since I was willing to have left the world, and all the blessings that thou hast given me in it, to have gone to live with thee: but what talke I, leaving the world to come to live with thee. Thou art come into the world to live with mee and in me. But my great Lord, where in me, shall I finde thee; hast thou intron'd thy selfe in my heart, give me then thy assistance, that no proud imagination, for my own greatnes, may arise to disinthrone thee, and make the distaste thine habitation; but be thou in my heart, ever attended by sweet humility and humble obedience. Let all the members of my body be imployed in thy service; let my hands administer to thy Saints, and not stretch out to covetousnesse. Let my feet be swift to run in the wayes of thy commandements, and not to shed innocent blood: or if in my head thou hast taken up thy seate,

ſeat, there let humility attend on thee too, or I ſh
ſear thou wilt goe from me; for thou reſiſteſt
proud: but though thou beeſt high, and inſtabiteſt
ternity, yet thou, O great Prince will dwell with
humble. Then in my head, and in all that belong to
doe thou finde humble obedience, that there I mi
retaine thee. Let not mine eyes have any proud lo
nor be windows to lett in vanity, but let them be e
looking to the hils from whence cometh my ſalvati
Let not my tongue which thou haſt given me to ſe
thee, be imployed to back-bite or defame any
leaſt of thy children, or any one; for how know I who
thine, or who not, but let my tongue be ever ſpeak
to thy praiſe and glory; and let the words of mo
be acceptable in thy ſight; nor let mine ears liſten
any idle or unſeemly diſcourſe, that may diſpleaſe
divine Majeſty, and let my noſtrils be ever filled w
the ſweet ſavour that comes from thy heavenly g
ments: So if all the faculties of my body be imploy
by my Soul, humbly to ſerve thee, I ſhall live and
preſſe a glorying heart, becauſe I know this body is
Temple of the Deity.

Then where I am a Heaven muſt be,
For thou doſt bring a Heaven with thee.

The true Object of Love.

MY Lord! When thou wert pleas'd to take
thoughts quite off from the world, I was directe
to regard that place, where thou bidſt us ceaſe fro
man, for wherein is he to be accounted of, for his brea
is in his noſtrils, yet he a creature after thine owne
mage, and the excellenteſt of all thy workman ſhip o
earth yet this rare creature, his love, his hatred not
be regarded, for thou canſt in an inſtant take away tha
thin

thin fume of life, and then what power hath he to love or hate. My Lord! He is indeed a moſt contempt ble creature in reſpect of thee. But when my Soul enters into the conſideration of thy greatneſſe and deep a-ſſe of thy endleſſe power and mercy. My Soul is ſtruck umbe, and knows not what to ſay, but ſilence giving e opportunity to conſider of thy infinite love to me, ower, forme, beauty and excellency, in, and about ee; my Soul is wounded with a deep affection to-ards thee, and love cannot, will not be ſilent; And ow my great and powerfull God, was it not enough thee, to make ſo great and beautifull a ſtructure for e, and for all men; but when I had run from thee, my diſobedience into the territories and torment-g arms of my enemy, for thee, O moſt glorious Prince eternall bliſſe, to leave thy Kingdome where thou rt attended by a multitude of bright Angels, and eſſed Saints, which continually ſing thy praiſes with eir heavenly voices; for thee to leave ſuch tranſcen-nt delights, to take on thee my frail fleſh, and come me; and ſubject thy ſelfe to all the contempts that n inſulting enemy could impoſe: had not this been ough to have manifeſted an unanſwerable love to ſo ontemptible a creature, but thou, My dear Prince! ho wouldeſt ſet a perfect patterne of humility and ve, for all that were thine to follow for love to me, hou wert content to dye, and the moſt painfull and ig-ominious death that could be inflicted on the mean-ſt perſon: Thou who wert ſerv'd by all the world, was leas'd thus to ſerve for me, and to dye, to ſave me from ernall death; and before I knew into what torment-g habitation I had plung'd my ſelfe by my rebellion, hou wert pleas'd to declare to me how thou hadſt re-eem'd me out of thoſe moſt cruel inthralments, by y willingly yeelding to dye for me; for none could ve power, O great Prince of Heaven and earth, to

 ſave

have taken away thy life, hadst thou not laid it dow
of thine owne accord thou wert pleaſe to tell me to
though I live here among thy enemies and mine, ye
ſhould not be afraid of them, for they can but kill
body, and that too not without thy leave, for none c
take thy children out of thy hand, unleſſe thou
pleas'd to deliver them into the hand of their perſec
tors, and by that fiery Chariot to convey us to thar
mortall Kingdome, which thou haſt promiſed to th
that beleeve on thee; where we ſhall receive from
hand the beautifull Crowne of our eternall glory.
my God! Who can chuſe but be raviſht with thy un
dom'd mercy, and unexpreſſable love to thy poor, y
by thee inriched creatures. My dear Prince! W
ſhall I doe, to let all the world know what enga
ments my Soul hath to thee. I do wiſh it were in
power, as in my deſires, that all the world may ſing
lalujahs to thee for the ſaving of my Soul from th
cruel adverſary, and for the glory that thou wilt inv
her in, and that they would ſing publick praiſes un
thee, for thy mercies to themſelves too: would th
were their imployment, then ſhould not thy ſervice b
ſo much ſlighted, nor thy name ſo much diſhonour
nor thy ſervants ſo much contemn'd; But

Let them ſing praiſes to thy name,
Whom thou haſt bleſt,
And kept their Souls from endleſſe paine
And plac'ſt in reſt.
Thou haſt me kept from helliſh paine,
And plac'ſt in reſt.
How can I chuſe but praiſe thy name
When I'me ſo bleſt.

Rom.

Rom. 12. 1.

O Lord! I cannot plead ignorance, for I must confesse I have often read it, and knew that I was to offer up my self a living sacrifice to thy Majesty, and to give my selfe wholly to thy disposing, and not to have any sequestred thoughts from thee, dedicated to mine own ends, in either my actions, words or thoughts: but dear Father, I now plainly see the necessity of entring into thy Courts, to hear thee, most gracious Prince speake to us by thy Embassadors; And I, nor any other ought to say; what should I go thither, to hear a man tell me, but what I knew before? But my Lord, thy Ordinances are powerful, and thou workest more effectually in our hearts for the most part, by the preaching of thy word from them, then by our own reading and study: and now I begin to suspect, I have not offered up my selfe so exactly to thee, as I should; for me thought, I beseaught me from thee, to offer up my self a living sacrifice, wholly and acceptably to thee, My Lord! I have heretofore long since given my selfe to thee by peece meals; but I fear, reserving something from thee, and if offering my selfe wholly to thee, be but a reasonable serving of thee, sure when I reserved any thing from thee, that service was contemptible: But gracious Father, pardon all that heretofore I have done amisse in thy service, for now I doe give up my selfe wholly to thee; But how shall I dare to say my self, I dare not appeare by my selfe in thy presence, yet with, and in my self I may; Thou hast taught me out of thy royall story, to know that thou hast given me that princely Son of thine, I cannot chuse but accept so rich a present; then seeing he is mine, and I am his, I am confident to present my selfe to thee, with and in him;

him; My Lord, thou canſt not but take the care
me, now I have given my ſelfe wholly to thee; d
gracious Father let me live without fear of falling f
thee; for if I fall from thee, wilt not thou looſe p
of thy glory? My Lord, I know it ſtands not w
thine honour to let that periſh which is committed
to thy hands; then ſith I have commited my ſelf wh
ly to thee, let me with confidence ſit downe and f
and fear no evill,

For from all ill I ſhall be free,
Sure nothing can be ill to me.

Upon Adams fall.

MY Dear God! did thy Majeſty make *Adam* wi
before he fell, then any man; or haſt thou fi
his fall given man the gift of Faith, or had he no ne
of Faith, or did *Adam* not beleeve thee the maker
all things, ſo much as we beleeve each other? So
Adam did not beleeve thee, when thou toldſt him th
the day he ſhould eat of that tree, he ſhould dye t
death. We thinke men wiſe when they avoid what
told them will hurt them. I finde *Adam* not ſo wi
and if one tell us, Mercury will cauſe our death, w
that are called the depraved Sons of *Adam*, will not e
it, if we be in our right ſenſes, though the pureneſſ
the colour may tempt us, and it be onely a morta
man that tels us ſo, who neither made it, nor ev
try'd it. *Adam* beleev'd not the O Lord, who made
that tree, and gaveſt the nature to it; O *Adam*, wh
made thee to eat of that tree, hadſt thou not this gre
world full of all pleaſures to content thee, a beautifu
healthfull active body, a minde indued with all exce
lent and pleaſing knowledge: No where couldſt tho
caſt thine eye but it had pleaſing objects: nor hi
could

couldst thou taſt, but it was delicious; no troubled mind, no diſtracted thoughts, to take thee one minute, from theſe delights, or cauſe thee to wiſh a change. Oh what then was it? But now I muſt check my ſelfe; Great God pardon me, I now ſin with *Adam*, whiles I am inquiring why *Adam* ſinn'd: he would know what he ſhould not, I what I cannot; Thou hadſt made him ſo wiſe as was ſuffieient for any mortall man; and hadſt given him ſuch qualities of his Soul as were requiſite to have made him for ever happy, in that bleſſed condition. Frail *Adam*, I will no more examine, whether thou hadſt faith or no, or whether thou didſt thinke to have been happier by what was kept from thee, then in poſſeſſing what was ſo plentifully given to thee.

Great God, I will content my ſelf to know thou hadſt made him at firſt in a happy condition, and us ſo in him; and will be patient now I ſee my ſelfe in a worſe: becauſe thou haſt given me faith to beleeve I ſhall be in a better. And as *Adam* made himſelfe unhappy by expecting to be happier; So I ſhall be more happy by beleeving I ſhall be glorioufly perfect hereafter.

Security in Danger.

MY Lord! When with that bleſſed ſervant of thine I ſend up to thee my petitions for ſecurity againſt thoſe that riſe up againſt us; Let me receive his aſſurance that thou heareſt me out of thy holy hill, and let me ſay with him, I will lay me downe and alſo ſleep in peace, for thou Lord onely makeſt me dwell in ſafety. I will not be afraid, of ten thouſand of people, that ſhould beſet me round about; for ſeeing it hath pleas'd thee to let me be in a Kingdome of diviſion, though bleſſed be thy name who hath yet preſerv'd me, I am nowin a place of peace, yet for ought I know I might to

morrow

morrow be incompaſſed with ten thouſand enemies, though not to me in particular, yet to thoſe among whom I am now in ſafety: But if thou art pleas'd I ſhall be ſo inclos'd, then let not me be afraid of them, ſhr thou canſt preſerve me, either by deſtroying thoſe that would harme me, or by letting me finde favour in the ſight of mine enemies, or by their hands canſt thou ſend me to thy bleſſed Tabernacle of ſecurity, where I ſhall never need any more to ſend up prayers for deliverance, but ſhall alwayes ſing praiſes to thee, for having ſo many wayes to deliver me.

And ſo all fear I now may bid adieu,
Goe enemies, I'me ſecur'd from you.

The Royall Prieſt-hood.

PEace! Preſent now no more to me (to take my ſpirit from the height of felicity) that I am a creature of a weaker ſex, a woman. For my God! If I muſt live after the example of thy bleſſed Apoſtle, I muſt live by faith, and faith makes things to come as preſent; and thou haſt ſaid by thy ſervant, that we ſhall be like thy bleſſed Son: then thou wilt make all thy people as Kings and Prieſts. Kings are men, and men are Kings; And Souls have no ſex; the hidden man of the heart, makes us capable of being Kings; for I have heard it is that within makes the man; then are we by election capable of as great a dignity as any mortall man; But thoughts of mortals! now Adieu; I will cloſe the eyes of my Soul, to mortality, and will not open them but to eternity; ſeeing that by thy grace and faith in thee, thou haſt made us partaker of thy divine nature, by thy aſſiſtance I will live by faith; I will no more

now

now see my self as mortall, but as an immortall King will I begin to live, that hidden man never dies, but when mine immortall King, that plac'ſt me in this Kingdome of felicity with him; ſhall ſee it fit time, he will raiſe me on a triumphant Chariot, compos'd of the wings of bright Angel, to his immortall Kingdome of Glory, where I ſhall reigne with him for all eternity, and never more deſire to change. And as a Royall Prieſt muſt I be to thee; ever offering up the ſweet incenſe of my praiſes to thy divine Majeſty, for thy infinite mercies to me, thy unworthy ſervant.

The ſecure Pavillion.

MY God, Thy children need not now pray that thoſe lips may be put to ſilence that ſpeak grievous things againſt them; they have long ſince had a freind, and thou a ſervant, that ſent up his petitions to thee for that, and as if he had been raviſht with a preſent anſwer from thee, he cryes out; O how great is thy goodneſſe, that thou haſt laid up in ſtore for them that fear thee, before the Sons of men, that would diſhonour thy ſervants. And now he hath brought us ſo pleaſing a meſſage from thee, that it is no wonder if we with diſregard ſlight thoſe unſavory words which we hear. And now look here all you who ſhall any way ſlight or annoy his children, by your odd ſpeeches; they are plac'ſt above your reach, for God will hide them in the ſecret of his preſence, from the pride of men, he will keep them ſecretly in his Pavilion, from the ſtrife of tongues, you may ſhoot, but your aime muſt be above your head, if you think to hit them, and when you have ſhot, your arrows cannot reach them, but they may light where you would not have them, on your own heads.

A Queſtion.

MY God! What buſineſſe on earth is worth detaining a Soul from Heaven, that is prepar'd with deſire to come from earth, to live in heaven with thee.

Palmer! Why told you me, God hath ſomething here remarkable for mee to doe, before I leave the earth; elſe could I have laid downe my head each night, with expectation of a mornings riſe in heaven; now I doe lay it downe onely with a contenting joy, that I am his, and that when his will is done with me, or by me here; I ſhall then goe to poſſeſſe tha Heaven which onely can content the deſire of my immortall Soul: Had you not told me ſo, I might have hop'd, that exceſſive joy, for the glory which I ſhall poſſeſſe, might have rais'd me to that bliſſe to which I doe aſpire. My God, my Soul breaths after thee, and cannot be ſatisfied, till ſhe comes to a full poſſeſſion of thee.

Lord, what on earth can there be done by mee,
Worth keeping here, my longing Soul from thee.

Wings my Doves you have now obtain'd
To flee to that Invincible Rock
Where you may hide you safe
In those Clifts of Security
From your Malignant Enemies,
Who may flee after you.
And think to graspe you,
And so to hurt you,
But they cannot.

But you may without any gaul tell them;
You are plac'd beyond their envies reach
And with that blest Apostle may say
'Tis a small matter for me to be judg'd
By you, or of mans judgement
The Lord is Judge of all;
He judgeth me, and I
Am safe under
His powerfull Wings.